

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 82.—VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

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The year is divided into Three Terms; namely, Lent, Easter, and Michaelmas. Lent Term begins January 21st, and ends April 20th. Easter Term begins April 21st, and ends June 30th. Michaelmas Term begins October 1st, and ends December 31st.

The Vacations are from the end of July to the 30th of September; from the 21st of December to the 21st of January; and from the day before Good Friday to the end of Easter week.

Fees to be paid each Term in advance, and notice of one Term to be given previously to removal. No reduction made for occasional absence. References exchanged.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—SYDNEY SMIRKE, Esq., R.A., will deliver a LECTURE on ARCHITECTURE on Thursday evening next, the 26th instant. The Lecture will commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A. Sec.

PROFESSOR OWEN, Superintendent of the Natural History Departments, British Museum, will commence a course of TWELVE lectures on FOSSIL MAMMALIA, at the MUSEUM of PRACTICAL GEOLOGY, Jernyn Street, on Friday, 27th February, 1860, at 2 o'clock, to be continued on each succeeding Friday at the same hour.

Tickets to be had at the Museum, Jernyn Street. Fee for the course 5*s.*

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GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—PROFESSOR TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a COURSE of LECTURES on GEOLOGY, on Friday Morning, January, 27th, at Nine o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday at the same hour. Fee 2*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

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Every week, a portion of the "Gazette" will be devoted to book buyers and book readers, and all the chief Literary productions of the week will be so far noticed as to guide those who may be seeking for information of this kind. It is not intended that these slight Notices shall preclude subsequent and longer Reviews. All important Ecclesiastical information will be laid from time to time before the reader.

Arrangements have been made with Correspondents in Paris, Madrid, and Vienna; and nothing of interest in the Literary and Artistic circles in those cities will remain without notice.

From the first week in January, 1860, the "Literary Gazette" has been permanently enlarged; and as the material intended to be bound up will be separately pagged, it is believed that the volumes will not reach an inconvenient bulk.

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January, 1860.

JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.

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CONTENTS.

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My Diary in India, in the year 1858-9. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D., Special Correspondent of the *Times*. Two Vols. (Routledge and Co.)

THE last dying embers of the Indian Revolt are just being trodden out, and here is already a piece of secret history in the shape of the private memoranda of the historian of the campaign. What is more, Mr. Russell's volumes come late rather than early; they close up, and we trust they will extinguish, that long line of narratives and memoirs which, for some eighteen months past, have been wearisome to men and odious to the gods. It used to be said that great and terrible times make great and terrible men, but the dictum does not hold good in our age, for the chief production of the vial of blood and fire which has been poured out on India, was a crop of very little men, who wrote very bad books. Conceited dulness, revolting stupidity, miserable selfishness, cruelty, cant, and fanaticism—the whole litter of them have had their day; they have trodden the path which Mr. Russell is treading, and converted the Indian events of the last two years into a slough of despond of dust and mire. So utterly threadbare and worn, so overlaid with trite invention and stale romance, is the Indian history of the last two years, that none but a man of mark and genius could expect a hearing from a public whose proverbial patience has been worn to the last shred. And this, we hold, is the author's greatest triumph, that his book will and must be studied even by those who had vowed they would never again read another line on the Great Rebellion.

The man who here addresses the public has a strong and legitimate claim to our attention, for he is at once a student and a lawyer, a journalist and a soldier, a traveller and a writer of books; the pupil and the prop of our greatest journal, he has watched the working of the secret springs which keep up the action of our political system; in the prime of life he has seen more of war than many a veteran general, whose gold embroidery and garish ribbon dazzle the eyes of the crowd on parade; hardened by the wear and tear of an active life, and yet fresh and impressionable; cool, cautious, and wary, and yet bold in deed and energetic in expression; sharp of eye, quick of ear, and fluent in diction; a man who has seen many lands, and marked the manners and customs of many nations; a man, too, whose name is known wherever the English language is spoken, Mr. Russell's experience and opinions can never be heard without benefiting his hearers. His *Diary in India* is a national work; one which will be quoted as an authority for the decision of controverted points; and, great as his reputation may be this day, it is reserved for other times to do him the full justice and honour deserved by the war-correspondent of the *Times*—as the Froissart of the nineteenth century.

We mean, at least for the present, to turn away from the battle-fields and sieges recorded in this volume, to the consideration of a graver, a more important, and awful subject—the government and the governors of India. Our readers need not fear a discussion on the currency or land question. No matters of high policy are to be brought before them. We would rather devote some time and space to those small causes which produce great events; to the conduct, not of distinguished indi-

viduals, but of the vulgar herd of our countrymen, who, more than any governor-general, have the power to gain or to alienate the affections of the subjects of our Indian empire, — to save or to overthrow the British reign in India. At the very threshold of that mighty and mysterious land which is our weakness and our strength, that question forced itself upon Mr. Russell. We, the white race, are naturally the most intolerant in the world. We have trodden under foot the last germ of the coloured races wherever we could do it; in other instances, we have hunted them out of their own land into miserable exile. As we advance, the barbarian recedes. It is the will of providence; it is the destiny of the white man, to whom God has given greater energy, intelligence, and physical resources, that he should spoil the dusky Egyptians:

“But what are we to do when we come into a land which we cannot enjoy, which is peopled by powerful, haughty, prolific races, whom we could not destroy if we would? What course should we pursue when we find ourselves in a great empire, lords and masters indeed, but dependent every moment of our lives on the people we found at our coming, and unable to raise from the soil the feeblest stem of our own race? When our numbers depend exactly on the influx of the temporary immigrants and on the reflux of those who have departed from among the people and left no trace behind them? There are portions of the earth which seem to be specially reserved for the possession of the coloured races, and in which our residence and existence can only be accidental and abnormal. It is just in those regions ruled by the scorching sun, to which even profits, places, emoluments, the acquisition of wealth, and the use of artificial contrivances, cannot permanently attach us, that our antipathies and ‘natural’ dislikes produce the most deplorable results in alienating from us the affections of the people among whom our lot is cast for the time. It is hard to bear the rule of an alien at any time; but when that alien is haughty, imperious, and sometimes insolent and offensive, his authority is only endured till the moment has arrived to destroy it, or at least to rise in rebellion, hopeless or successful, against a government which has violated all the conditions of possibility. Our statesmen in India have seen those truths all along. The men who founded the Company, and stabilised that extraordinary and anomalous empire, which has no parallel, were deeply impressed by the necessity of maintaining the policy by which those results were obtained. The great and good men—for there are great men in India and elsewhere who are not good men, and many who call themselves and let themselves be called good who are by no means great men—in India to the present hour, anxiously seek to obviate the evils which are becoming aggrandized in proportion as we pour into India the surplus of our unemployed population to works which are now about to receive a large and necessary development. Do what we may or can, our race can neither destroy the inhabitants of India as the Americans destroyed the Red men, nor can it dispossess them and drive them out to other regions as the Spaniards drove out the Mexicans. And were it possible for us to succeed, Hindostan would at once become a desert in which our race would miserably perish in the first generation. It would seem, then, if those views are right, that the Anglo-Saxon and his congeners in India must either abate their strong natural feelings against the coloured race, restrain the expression of their antipathies, or look forward to the day, not far distant, when the indulgence of their passions will render the government of India too costly a luxury for the English people. If we, who are the governors of the people, do not govern ourselves and protect the people, what redress have they, and what have we to expect? These were the sentiments which gradually grew upon me as, day after day, I heard the same expressions used with respect to the

natives of Hindostan. Let every word that is uttered of that sort be granted in its entirety, and we come at once to the question, how can those who entertain such feelings govern a people in justice and in mercy? Why are we in India at all? ‘Because Heaven wishes it,’ says some gentleman, who meantime thinks that Heaven's sole design with regard to himself is, that he shall make as many rupees as he can, get his pension or his debentures, and at once leave the ‘con-founded country’ for ever. But before we came there were many races whose coming and whose going was the work of the same hand. The Macedonian passed away in a blast of mutiny on the banks of the river which Mr. Temple regards as the Rubicon that rebellion dared not pass. The Mogul went out in a convict ship to some semi-Chinese prison; the Portuguese crept away under a monk's cowl; the Frenchman holds Chandernagore and Pondicherry as material guarantees that history does not lie when she says that Englishmen met him in fair fight on the plains of India and crushed him? And who are we that we should deem ourselves exempt from the fate that has hitherto fallen on all the conquerors of India?”

The awful question here propounded recurs again and again, and is answered indirectly in almost every chapter of Mr. Russell's two volumes. Since the rebellion, a mighty outcry has been raised throughout the length and breadth of the land; and it has been said from pulpits and platforms that we were nigh losing India, because we were ashamed of our Christianity, and that India will be surely lost unless we boldly avow our faith. In other words, we are asked to enforce the conversion of India, to renounce the doctrine of toleration, to preach the religion of love from the bench of the police magistrate, and to enforce it with the bayonets of our soldiers. This, it appears, would be glorying in our Christianity; it would be the means of saving India. In our opinion, the late disasters have come upon us, not because we were ashamed of our Christianity, but because we did not practise it at all. We have had missionaries, and conventicles, and tracts, but we have had little love and charity. Before we judge, let us listen to some of Mr. Russell's experiences. He describes the travellers he met on the road near Benares:

“As we approach the sacred city of Benares, the mass of people on the trunk road gives one the impression of a fair or procession. They are in small groups, or travel in large parties, men old and young, children and women. All shuffle up the fine dust with their toes, or pointed shoes, and the air is filled with a choking precipitate of the kunker, or carbonate of lime nodules, which form the metalting of the road. Long strings of creaking country-carts, heavily laden with bales of cotton, and drawn by mild-eyed humped oxen, followed each other continuously towards Calcutta. The human current headed the other way. It is worth observing the immense difference between the young and the old of the poorer classes of Hindoos. The former are broad-chested, straight, muscular men, albeit from sitting on their ‘hunkers,’ as the Irish say, the muscles of the thigh are drawn up flat from the knee to the hip, and give them rather hollow thighs and large knees. The old men are bowed, and feeble, and thin exceedingly; their skin hangs in loose folds crossed with innumerable wrinkles, and beneath it the lank muscles and sinews can be seen working distinctly on and over the bones of the skeleton; it is darker than when they are young, and the creases look white, so that they have a disagreeable animal look, and seem as if they were covered with a hide instead of a skin. Each man carries his bamboo latee shod with iron, with a bundle at one end, and the unfailing loto, a polished brass pot, used for cooking, and drinking, and drawing water, for which purpose there is a string attached to it hung at the

other. Poor is the wretch who carries one of earthenware, and poor as he is he must, like poverty, pay more dearly than wealth does ever, for his earthen pot is broken after every meal. The halting-places under the trees at each side of the road are full of broken earthenware and whitened bones of cattle. The women carry bundles animate and inanimate; the former seated cross-legs over one big hip, and clasping their bearers round the neck, the latter on their shoulders. Children of all ages, from five to twelve, toddle along the road, taking their share in the family troubles. In no instance is a friendly glance directed to the white man's carriage. Oh, that language of the eye! Who can doubt? who can misinterpret it? It is by it alone that I have learned our race is not even feared at times by many, and that by all it is disliked. Pray God I have read it falsely. These passers-by are wondrously squalid and poorly clad. But already I have been told I must not judge from appearances in India. The climate does not demand the use of clothes. The people, I am told, when they are *chez eux*, take off as much of their cotton covering as they can. But I see a native 'swell' pass me in a tatterdemalion shigram, or a quaint little shed upon wheels, a kind of tray placed in a bamboo framework, and he is dressed in shawls, and wrapped in profuse clothes. That signifies nothing. 'Those fellows like to show how rich they are by sporting fine cashmeres and gold embroidery.' 'Then when men are rich they dress well, and nakedness and rags are a sign of poverty?' 'My dear sir, you are a griff; you don't understand those niggers yet.'

It is the same at Cawnpore. There, too, Mr. Russell is struck by the scowling, hostile look of the people. The bunniahs bow with their necks and salaam with their hands, but not with their eyes. He finds also that an Indian station consists of two parts—the cantonments of the Europeans, the native city and bazaar. The west and the east end are far apart, separated by a waste common, or by fields and gardens. 'Belgravia is not so much removed from Houndsditch, in feeling, modes of life, and thought, as our western stations from our eastern bazaars; there is no bond of union between the two in language, or faith, or nationality. The west rules, collects taxes, gives balls, drives carriages, attends races, goes to church, improves its roads, builds its theatres, forms its masonic lodges, holds cutchery, and drinks its pale ale. The east pays taxes, grumbles, propagates, squabbles, sits in its decaying temples, haunts its rotting shrines, washes in its fishing tanks, and drinks its semi-putrid water.'

Why do the natives dislike us? Here is a scene from life, which will furnish a clue to the mystery:

"Next to my griffinish wonder at the want of white faces, has been my regret to perceive the utter absence of any friendly relations between the white and the black faces when they are together. Here comes a trooper—a tall fine old fellow, with face as fair as that of many a sunburnt soldier from England—he carries a despatch for the Lord Sahib—he has ridden with it fifty miles through a country full of rebels. The old Sikh asks for the tent of the Chief; he dismounts, sticks his lance in the ground, fastens his panting horse to it, and stalks in his long leather boots—his heels, perhaps, stuck up in a crease of the leather six inches above the sole—through the camp. It is ten to one if a soul notices him, and if he goes to a wrong tent he is saluted with an adjuration, and a request to go to a place far beyond the limits of the camp, by the angry young gentleman who has been disturbed in his 'Pendennis,' or in the contemplation of a fine 'ash.' The old soldier will follow his own sahib to the last; but for strange sahibs he has not much regard, and he thinks it's their nature to be rough and rude, and so he shuffles forth on his cruise, looking hope-

lessly about for the dera, till some kind mortal compassionate his distress. What is the old trooper's revenge? Why, he sticks in our service, saying up money and remitting it to his family—retires on his pension, and then, when his last hour is near, his last act is to try and get his name 'scratched,' so that he may not die in the service of the stranger."

Why do the natives dislike us?—

"Look at the domestic servants in camp; the tones in which they are spoken to have rarely one note of kindness, often many of anger in them. Look at the boxwallahs, who come round with all kinds of nick-nacks, stationery, perfumery, and such things, and see how hard it is to bear the cruel and unmeaning practical jokes to which they are exposed, by men who have ceased many years ago to be school-boys. Our camp is full of significant, if small, indications of a mocking and unsympathizing spirit which, no doubt, the native reciprocates. There is no such enemy to a black skin as your Anglo-Saxon, who has done so much for liberty."

As he witnesses these and many other things, a grave, unhappy doubt settles on Mr. Russell's mind. Is India the better for our rule, as far as regards the social condition of the great masses of the people? The answer is prompt and terribly practical. "We have put down widow-burning,—we have sought to check infanticide; but I have travelled hundreds of miles through a country, peopled with beggars, and covered with wigwam villages."

We still cling to the question, "Why do the Indians dislike us?" and we trust we shall fully answer it by quotations from Mr. Russell's book. Each tale he tells has its moral, and their accumulated evidence must enforce conviction:

"We were sitting at a table smoking and reading the papers, when a chuprassee came in and announced that Munoor-ood-dowlah, formerly a man of great rank in Oude, an ex-minister, and related to the Royal family, craved an audience of the Chief Commissioner. He was ordered to walk in. A very old and venerable-looking gentleman entered, followed by two or three attendants, and salaamed all round to us, whilst he and his chief secretary paid us many compliments, expressive of delight at seeing us."

"First Aide.—I say, you speak the old chap's lingo better than I do. Tell him the General is busy, and that he must wait."

"Second Aide.—No, you tell him yourself. Confound me, if I do your business."

"All this time Munoor is standing. After a little further controversy, the second aide tells him to sit down, and he and his attendants shuffle into broken chairs, and balance themselves with evident uneasiness."

"First aide whistles, with his legs on the table; second aide draws assiduously a fine bold sketch on a sheet of blotting-paper. Munoor-ood-dowlah, after a long pause, begs to know whether the burra sahib bahadoor knows he is waiting, and is likely to see him."

"First Aide.—I say, now, it's your turn to go in to Sir James. I don't want to be bored by this old humbug."

"Second Aide.—Well, hadn't we better say Sir James won't see him?"

"First Aide.—No, hang it; he's been a faithful old swell, and all that; and Sir James might be angry, as they were chums long ago."

"Second Aide exit.—You are one of the laziest—"

"After a time in came Sir James; but in the interval Munoor was the very type of misery; for to an Oriental of his rank all this delay and hesitation about an audience were very unfavourable symptoms. He really had been our friend, and had undergone the greatest misery, privation, loss, and insults at the hands of the rebels. In former days he was noted for his hospitality to the

English, for his magnificent sporting parties, and for his excellence as a shot at both large and small game."

Again, how much good will among men must be produced by such proceedings as these:

"I was very much shocked to see in this courtyard, two native servants, covered with plaisters and bandages, and bloody, who were lying on their charpoys, moaning. On inquiring, my friend was informed by one of the guests, they were So-and-So's servants, who had just been 'licked' by him. It is a savage, beastly, and degrading custom. I have heard it defended; but no man of feeling, education, or goodness of heart can vindicate or practise it. The sobs of the poor woman, the wife of one of the men, who sat by the charpoys, were most affecting; but not a soul went to comfort or say a kind word to her."

Then in another chapter we have an account of the doings in the Sanatorium at Simla, where the convalescents are described as getting drunk after dinner, and doing and saying and singing such deeds and sayings and songs "as would not be endured in any place where a sound public opinion existed, or indeed any public opinion at all." While elated young invalids riot in the mess-room, while glass and furniture come to grief, while one young gentleman, more drunk or more sober than the rest, is hoisted in a chair and carried round the room amidst the deafening cheers of his companions, "the native servants stand in perfect apathy and quiescence, with folded arms and eyes gazing on vacancy, as if in deep abstraction, and at all events feigning complete ignorance of what is going on around them." Mr. Russell wished to know what the natives thought of such exhibitions, and he questioned an old officer, who had passed half his life in India. The answer he received was extremely categorical:

"'They? Why, they don't think about us at all. They look upon us as out-of-the-way, inscrutable beings, whom it would be quite useless to perplex their heads about, and they're too well accustomed to this sort of thing to wonder at it.'"

Not quite satisfied, he put the same question to a native gentleman, who, after due apologies, spoke as follows:

"'Does the Sahib see those monkeys? They are playing very pleasantly. But the Sahib cannot say why they play, nor what they are going to do next. Well, then, our poor people look upon you very much as they would on those monkeys, but that they know you are very fierce and strong, and would be angry if you were laughed at. They are afraid to laugh. But they do regard you as some great powerful creatures sent to plague them, of whose motives and actions they can comprehend nothing whatever.'"

No wonder that the native journals describe an English entertainment in terms by no means flattering to the ladies and gentlemen, who, according to the Indian version, sat down to table where there was a large piece of pig, which not only the Sahibs, but also the Mem-sahibs devoured, until after having eaten many other dishes, and swallowed much wine, the Mem-sahibs went upstairs to recover themselves, but the Sahibs remained below and drank till they began to shout at each other, and to make great outcries, calling each other's names, and crying out when the man whose name was called stood up, and then putting their feet on the tables and waving their glasses, till they could scarcely stand, whereupon they went to the room where the Mem-sahibs were, and caught them round the

waist, and began to hand them about as if they were Nautch girls.

The Indians can neither like, nor do they respect, men and women whose daily doings outrage all eastern ideas of decency, and who, terrible to their enemies, are coarse, brutal, and insulting to the few friends they have among the natives. They judge the stem of British nationality from the chips which are flung on their shore, and while they behold with disgust and aversion the doings of the English in India, they shudder to think what must be the atrocities of which the English are guilty in their own country. Every vice which an Englishman exhibits in India is laid at the door of his nation and of his faith. Drunkenness and riotous conduct become the distinguishing marks of the Christian and the Feringhee. Well may Mr. Russell say, "that every Englishman in India ought to look upon himself as a sort of unrecognised, unpaid servant of the state, on whose conduct and demeanour towards the natives may depend some of the political *prestige* of our rule in the whole empire."

Here and there, at rare intervals, Mr. Russell throws a strange light upon some of the most notorious features of the late mutiny. The conduct of the rebels was atrocious, but it would appear it was not so atrocious as has been pertinaciously represented by the Calcutta papers. Our readers will recollect that, in the beginning of the mutiny, terrible accounts came with every mail of the most revolting outrages and mutilations perpetrated upon English women, who were represented as having been captured by the mutineers, and who by some lucky chance made their escape. Whole troops of women—some without hands, some without eyes, some without noses and ears, were announced as having reached Calcutta, from whence they would be forwarded to Europe. None of them have been seen in England, and for a time it was surmised that they all, immediately upon landing, retired to some very solitary spot, so horrid was their feeling of defilement, so acute their sense of their degradation, and so shocking were their mutilations. Mr. Russell was from the first very anxious to see one of these women, or to see any one who had seen them; but all his inquiries were fruitless. These mutilated women existed only in the fancy of those who invented these stories for the express purpose of goading the British public to a frenzy of rage and revenge. It will also be recollected that some dreadful tale of misery and shame was reported to have been found, written on the wall of the slaughter-house of Cawnpore, where it was seen by Havelock when he entered the place. Mr. Russell, who made close inquiries, found that the writing "did not exist when Havelock entered the place, and therefore was not the work of any of the poor victims." In other words, it was a forgery, cunningly concocted, and deliberately executed, for the purpose of still further widening the breach between the conquered and the conquering race.

In another chapter we stumble on a piece of secret history concerning the garrison of Lucknow:

"After breakfast Colonel Sterling showed me some interesting papers relating to the relief of Lucknow. It seems that the necessities of the garrison had from time to time been greatly exaggerated, and that Havelock, Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell have all in turn been deceived with respect to the quantity of supplies in the Residency, and the period for which the besieged could be fed. Had Sir Colin Campbell known the real state of the case, he could have waited some time longer, and have collected such a force

as would have enabled him to have occupied Lucknow, instead of retiring from it with the women and garrison, and giving it up to the enemy."

Mr. Russell also met a lady who had been shut up in Lucknow, and from her he heard some strange tales respecting the internal condition of the garrison. While some were starving, half-fed on unwholesome food, and drinking the most unpleasant beverages, others were living on the good things of the land, and were drinking champagne and moselle, which were stored up in such profusion that there were cart-loads remaining when the garrison marched out. "There was a good deal of etiquette about visiting and speaking in the garrison!" It would be interesting to know the names and stations of the epicures of Lucknow. How else can the public honour them according to their deserts? Can Mr. Russell enlighten us on this point?

We have exhausted our space without advertising to the picturesque and exciting scenes which are profusely scattered over a number of chapters of brilliant word-painting. Ours has been the less agreeable but more important task of drawing attention to the abnormal and vicious state of society which prevails in India. The Indian press, Mr. Russell assures us, favours this society and its manifestations of villanous gentility, and it is, therefore, all the more necessary that the present occasion should be used in order to advert to the greatest danger which threatens our rule in that country. That danger lies in the conduct of the English in India.

Before we conclude, we wish to point out an anomaly which has long struck us with regard to the position of the gifted author of these volumes. Mr. Russell is one of the most popular men in England, and what is more, he is among the few whose popularity has been hardly won and well earned by the discharge of important public duties. Few men have so patiently and persistently laboured for the public good—few have done so much good in their generation. And yet he has not, up to the present, received the slightest mark of that public approbation which all men in a private station consider his due. He has borne the hardships and shared the dangers of two campaigns, and yet the war-medals are withheld from him, which have been of right bestowed on the youngest recruit or the most unfledged of commissariat clerks, no matter how short their services with the armies in the Crimea or in India. It is true that Mr. Russell has not at any time been in "the service;" but, are there no exceptions to the rule which limits the war-medal for a campaign to those whose names are actually on the lists of the various corps? We have a faint recollection of having read somewhere that Mrs. Seacole received the Crimean medal; and there is some story current about a clergyman who had the same honorary distinction bestowed upon him, simply because he visited his son in the camp before Sebastopol. We may possibly be misinformed, and if so, we wish to be corrected. But if a precedent exists, if ever a civilian, clergyman, or publican, had the war-medal bestowed on him or her, then we say it is an act of great and revolting injustice to withhold the same distinction from Mr. Russell, or any other volunteer, who for a lengthened period and in the discharge of an important public duty, shared the privations, the fatigues, and the dangers of the British army before Sebastopol or Lucknow.

Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Pious Robert Nelson. By the Rev. C. F. SECRETAN, M.A., Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Westminster. (Murray.)

THE author of this volume deserves well of the Christian public. It was indeed time that the Life of "The Pious Robert Nelson" should be written. Month after month does the press most prolifically bring forth memoirs, and sketches, and diaries, and biographies, and autobiographies of warriors, and statesmen, and divines, and poets, and philosophers,—of men who have done good, and harm, and nothing much at all of any kind to serve their fellow-creatures; and now at last, after a lapse of nearly a century and a half, the author of "The Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England" has in his turn found a biographer. The work is as well done as it could be done, considering the rather scanty materials which Mr. Secretan could obtain to carry out his purpose. A memoir of Robert Nelson was promised to the public within a few days after his death, by one of his personal friends; but this friend, who had possession of Nelson's papers and many letters written to him by different persons of eminence, having died suddenly, but very meagre accounts have hitherto been given to the world of the life of "this devout, learned, laborious, and munificent member of the English Church." Mr. Secretan tell us that he has made what use he could of all that has up to this time appeared upon the subject; and having in addition had the opportunity of consulting some seventy or eighty letters written by and to Nelson, and of searching the records of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he has managed to compile the present volume; which, among all the volumes of biography that have lately issued from the press, will not be found to be either the least interesting or the least instructive.

Robert Nelson was the son of a wealthy Turkey merchant of London, and his mother also was the daughter of an eminent trader to the Levant. He was born June 22nd, and baptized in the church of St. Laurence Pountney, July 8th, 1656. His earliest education he appears to have received at St. Paul's School, where he contracted a school-boy friendship with the celebrated Edmund Halley, who, nearly fifty years after, affectionately acknowledged in a letter to Nelson "the uninterrupted course of friendship which had always subsisted between them since their childhood." From St. Paul's, however, he was soon removed by his mother, who had lost her husband within fifteen months after the birth of her son Robert, and now took up her abode at Dryfield, or Driffild, in Gloucestershire, with her sister Ann, the wife of George Hanger, Esq. This removal to Dryfield gave the tone to the whole of Nelson's future career. He was here placed under the care of a private tutor, who was no less a person than the learned Dr. George Bull, at that time Rector of a neighbouring parish, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's; and to the influence of his instructions we may easily trace the respect for primitive antiquity and for Church authority, which forms so marked a characteristic of Nelson's writings. Dr. Bull was not only his early tutor—he was, as long as his life was spared, on the most intimate and affectionate terms with him; and when at last, in 1709, full of years and honours, he departed this life, Nelson was requested by his son to undertake a memoir of the life and writings of his venerable friend. He not only

acceded with willingness to this request, but he took occasion, in his account of Bull's "*Defensio Fidei Nicæne*," to vindicate the memory of the Bishop from the aspersions of Dr. Samuel Clarke, who, by unfair citations from his works, had endeavoured to claim him as one of the supporters of the Arian tenets, which he was then so industriously promulgating.

But to return. The next notice we have of Robert Nelson—with the exception of a couple of by no means remarkable letters written by him to his friend Dr. Maplet on the occasion of his marriage—is his being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1680. In the same year we also find him in correspondence with Tillotson, at that time Dean, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who must indeed have entertained a high respect for a young man of only four-and-twenty years of age, that he could trouble himself to write to him in vindication of a hasty and ill-advised sermon that he had preached at Whitehall before the Court. At the close of the same year, in company with his old school-fellow, Halley, he quits England for France and Italy; and on their journey between Calais and Paris, the two friends catch their first sight of the celebrated comet, upon which Halley afterwards founded his well-known cometary theory.

It was at Paris that Nelson's principles received their earliest test. He had carried with him to Paris a letter of recommendation to the English envoy, Henry Savile, the brother of the Earl of Halifax, "a place-hunting courtier, dubious in his morals, and mercenary in his dealings." By him it was proposed to Nelson that he should purchase a place at Court; and he, it would appear, being, as his after-conduct proved him to be, strongly inclined to the High Church and State party, seems at first to have been not displeased with the idea of figuring near the royal person. Unable, however, or rather unwilling to resolve upon an affair of such consequence without the approbation of his family, he commissioned his friend Tillotson to sound them on the subject. They proving averse to the proposal, he proceeded with Halley on his travels to Lyons and Rome, at which latter place his companion left him and returned to England. At Rome he formed the acquaintance of his future wife, Lady Theophila Lucy, widow of Sir Kingsmill Lucy, of Broxbourne in Hertfordshire, baronet, and second daughter of George, first Earl of Berkeley. In the following year they were married, and returned together to England in August, 1682, and resided for some time in London, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields. It was during this residence in London that Nelson's affection for his wife was put to no small trial by the avowal of her conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. She had at Rome been intimate with Cardinal Philip Howard, the grandson of the Earl of Arundel who collected the marbles which bear his name; and at Paris with the famous Bossuet; and the result of this acquaintance was not only her own conversion to the Romish faith, but that also of her daughter by her first husband. This touched Robert Nelson very nearly, and though, notwithstanding this great and important difference between them, Nelson's affection for his wife continued undiminished, yet not only did he himself strive his utmost to reclaim her, but he employed his friends Tillotson and Hickes, the well-known Non-juror, to add their efforts to the same purpose. All, however, was ineffectual; and Lady Theophila continued in the communion of the Church of Rome till her death. She is said to have been a learned and intelligent

person, and to have added to the vast array of pamphlets which at that time made their appearance on either side,—“457 of which are enumerated by Francis Peck in his Catalogue, without exhausting the titles of every one,”—by a piece called “A discourse concerning a judge of controversy in matters of religion, showing the necessity of such a judge.”

In 1688, the year of King James's flight from England, Nelson was at Aix-la-Chapelle, for the benefit of his wife's health; and at the end of the year he proceeded with her through France again to Rome. And, writes his intimate friend Dr. Francis Lee,

“Never was any Englishman known to be so much caressed as he in the different foreign courts which he visited, as the many letters written to him from princes, ministers of state, noblemen, and persons of character, do abundantly testify.”

While staying some time at Florence, he was engaged in a weekly correspondence with the Earl of Melfort, King James's ambassador at the Court of Rome; and on his return to England in 1691, declaring himself averse to the revolution, he joined the Non-juring party, and left the communion of the Church of England. Upon this step he had again consulted Tillotson. Doubting whether he might or might not continue to attend the services of the Established Church in spite of his being unable to join conscientiously in the prayers for those whom he deemed usurpers, he frankly applied to his friend, then newly consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, to resolve his doubts for him; and Tillotson, as frankly, gave his opinion in reply:

“As to the case you put, I wonder men should be divided in opinion about it. I think it plain that no man can join in prayers in which there is any petition which he is verily persuaded is sinful. I cannot endure a trick anywhere, much less in religion.”

Though this opinion would seem to have decided Nelson at once to join the Non-juring communion, yet we need not assume with our author that it also “interrupted that confidential intercourse which he had so long enjoyed with the friend of his youth.” It may be true enough that but little mention is made of the archbishop in Nelson's subsequent writings, and that “no further correspondence between them is preserved;” but we need not necessarily therefore believe that it was “only at Tillotson's death-bed that Nelson's former affection seemed to revive.” He attended him at Lambeth the last two nights of his life, and held him in his arms when he expired, after five days' illness, November 23, 1694. He moreover continued his offices of kindness to the archbishop's widow, who was left in but straitened circumstances, and not only addressed the government in her behalf, but—and this our author does not tell us—persevered, in spite of difficulty, until he had succeeded in getting her pension increased from 400*l.* to 600*l.* per annum. The fact too, which is also unrecorded by Mr. Secretan, that Dr. Barker, who published after the archbishop's death a volume of his sermons, knowing the great regard which Nelson always felt for Tillotson, consulted him upon the occasion, will also militate against the notion of an interruption of a friendly feeling between the two.

We must now view the subject of these memoirs in his new character as a Non-juror; and we find him in intimate association with several of the party. With Bishop Frampton of Gloucester, his father's old friend, he was on terms of correspondence. With Bishop Lloyd, of Norwich, we see him associated in a scheme

for the relief of necessitous Nonjurors. The excellent Bishop Ken he had frequent opportunities of seeing at the house of their common friend, Mr. Cherry, of Shottesbrooke, and he corresponded with him in his retirement at Lord Weymouth's seat at Longleat. But his chief friends at this time will appear to have been found in a little Non-juring circle in London, among whom may be mentioned the pious and amiable Kettlewell; the learned Dean Hickes; Collier, the author of the well-known “*Ecclesiastical History*,” the celebrated Samuel Pepys; and Francis Lee, to whom he entrusted his materials for the “*Life of Kettlewell*,” and who, after Nelson's death, promised the world the Memoirs of his friend. Kettlewell soon became Nelson's chief intimate; and it would appear that it was to a certain extent at his suggestion, that Nelson's best-known work upon “the Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England” was undertaken. Their friendship was firm, but it was destined to be but of short duration. Within a little more than three years after their first acquaintance, it was terminated by the death of Kettlewell, who for the last six months of his life was confined to his house, and was there tended by Nelson most assiduously, with all the care and affection which a most affectionate friend could show. Kettlewell died April 6th, 1695, and Nelson will appear to have acted as his literary executor.

After the death of Kettlewell, Nelson, who had hitherto resided much at Blackheath, removed to Ormond Street in London. Here he became a near neighbour of the deprived Dean Hickes, with whom he soon entered into terms of the warmest friendship, and continued in almost daily intercourse during the last eleven years of his life. Great as was Nelson's respect for the varied learning of Dr. Hickes, and his deference for his theological judgment, yet we find them differing upon a point of no small importance. In the year 1709, Dr. Lloyd, formerly Bishop of Norwich, died—the last of the Bishops deprived at the Revolution, with the exception of Bishop Ken of Bath and Wells. To Bishop Ken, Robert Nelson, following the example of other Non-jurors, addressed himself, to inquire whether he would lay any claim to his allegiance; and Ken, not insisting upon his rights, Nelson with others returned to the communion of the Established Church. For the first time since the Revolution, he attended divine service, and received the Sacrament at the hands of his friend Sharp, Archbishop of York, at the church of St. Mildred in the Poultry, on Easter-day, 1710. The sometime Dean of Worcester took an opposite view of matters. It had long been a subject of dispute whether, when the deprived prelates should die out, the continuance of the Non-jurors in a state of separation from the Church of England would be schismatical or not. Dr. Hickes was for perpetuating the Non-juring communion, and charged the schism upon the Established Church: and with this view he had procured himself, in 1693, to be consecrated Bishop of Thetford, and so, at Bishop Lloyd's decease, and Bishop Ken's non-assertion of his rights, claimed to be regarded as the head of the Non-juring party. But though Nelson considered himself at liberty, with Bishop Ken's sanction, to return to the bosom of the Church, he seems to have abated nothing of his Jacobite zeal; for, in 1713, we find him, in company with the Rev. Hilkiah Bedford, the deprived Vicar of Olney, revising and preparing for the press a notorious Jacobite book on the “*Hereditary Right*.” Nelson is reported to have ventured

to appear at Windsor, and to present to the Queen a richly bound copy of the work. Popular feeling, however, ran so high against the book, that, at the instance of the Hanoverian minister, the reported author, Bedford, was prosecuted and sentenced to be imprisoned for three years, to pay a fine of 1000 marks to the Queen, and to go round Westminster Hall, in view of the several courts, with a paper on his breast denoting his crime. The more ignominious part of the sentence was, however, remitted, some say at the intercession of Nelson.

"Nelson lived long enough to share with his brother Non-juror the mortification of seeing their doctrine of Hereditary Right effectually repudiated by the accession of George I.; and his charitable zeal prevailed so far over his political bias, as to induce him to take a leading part in an exhibition of the Charity Schools on the new King's entry into the Metropolis. To the personal influence, however, of his different nonjuring friends, must be ascribed, in a great measure, that charitable zeal which eventually had the effect of weakening his adhesion to their body. In their communion, he continued, as we have seen, for nearly twenty years of his life. From among them he chose his dearest friends; and, under their guidance, he matured his theological opinions, and composed his devotional works. Excluded as the Nonjurors were from the pastoral care, pinched with poverty, compelled to devote their leisure to literary engagements, living, moreover, in a constant fever of political excitement and depression, they were precluded from taking any active share in the educational and charitable endeavours of the time. But to them belongs the credit of having trained amid their ranks as influential a religious writer, and as munificent an example of charity, as that or any age of our Church has produced."

It were tedious to enter into any detail of the numerous "ways and methods of doing good," as he himself called them, upon which this excellent man entered. From the time of his return to the Established Communion to his death, he was almost daily occupied with the business of the Church associations and charitable institutions of the kingdom. We find him figuring as a leading member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,—a constant attendant at the meetings of the sister Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,—a liberal supporter of Dr. Bray's design for the establishment of parochial libraries,—a member of the Royal Commission for building fifty new churches in London and Westminster,—one of the chief promoters of the erection of charity schools,—and taking a lively interest in the corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, in the establishment of Queen Anne's Bounty, and the provision of parochial work-houses for the poor. We see, "in his list of charitable works then lacking in the country, theological seminaries for the clergy; training-colleges for the masters and mistresses of the newly-founded charity schools; schools for the 'black-guard boys' of the streets, equivalent to the Ragged Schools of a subsequent period; special hospitals for particular diseases; penitentiaries for fallen women; a foundling hospital for their children; places of religious retirement for the devout; houses of probation for converts from poverty or dissent; the appointment of suffragan bishops for the American plantations; and a corporation for the conversion of the Romanists of Ireland." He was, moreover, a patron and advocate of the Religious Societies, which consisted entirely of young men, all zealously attached to the Church of England, who were in the habit of meeting together for religious conference; and of the Societies for the Reformation of Manners, which were composed both

of Churchmen and Dissenters, banded together for the enforcement of the laws against vice. He furthermore found time to write no less than eleven different works, all of a highly devotional character; and to compile memoirs, and to edit, and to prefix addresses, and notices, and prefaces to, the works of Kettwell and others of his friends. At last, towards the close of 1714, finding his strength rapidly declining under an attack of asthma and dropsy on the heart, he removed, by the advice of his physicians, from London to the purer air of Kensington; where, in January 16, 1715, "this good man's soul passed away quietly into peace." He was buried in the cemetery belonging to the parish of St. George the Martyr, where his grave is marked by a large square monument, on the four sides of which is a long eulogistic epitaph from the pen of his friend, Dr. Smallridge, Bishop of Bristol.

Such is a brief outline of the life and labours of "the pious Robert Nelson." We owe Mr. Secretan many thanks for having endeavoured to do justice to the memory and example of one "whose name is a household word with thousands among us, who yet know nothing more of him than the name;" but who still deserves to be remembered as one whose character and virtues shed a lustre upon the age and the country in which he lived.

Travels in Peru and Mexico. By S. S. Hill. Author of "Travels in Siberia," &c. Two Vols. (London: Longman and Co.)

It is, perhaps, scarcely reasonable to expect that a gentleman who has accomplished the feat of travelling round the world, should be able to resist the temptation of publishing an account of his travels on his return home. Nor, indeed, do we think that cases are likely to be of very frequent occurrence, in which so supernatural an exercise of self-denial would be in itself desirable. It is scarcely possible that even the least observant traveller can have accomplished a pilgrimage of this extent, without having gathered together a certain amount of information which his home-keeping countrymen will be glad to hear. It is this modest view of his own performance which is, to all appearance, that taken by the author of the volumes now before us. "The title of these volumes," says he, "may possibly raise expectations which I fear will hardly be realised; but whatever may be their defects, I trust that the reader, from the variety of incidents presented, will at least not find them wearisome." Now we wish it distinctly to be understood that it is in no ill-natured spirit that we express the opinion that Mr. Hill has exercised a sound discretion in relying for the success of his work on the variety of the incidents which it narrates, rather than upon any other qualification. A book of travels may be very fairly pleasant and entertaining reading without embodying the results of any profound statistical inquiry, or being distinguished by any striking originality of view, or depth of insight into the diversities of national character. The travels of which Mr. Hill's latest work contains an account, lay through countries with which we are not yet so completely familiar as to be unwilling to review with pleasure a straightforward statement of the impressions which they produced upon the mind of yet another English traveller.

The travels described in these volumes constitute but a small portion of Mr. Hill's collective peregrinations, consisting merely of wanderings more or less extended in the interior of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, together

with the briefest of flying visits to Jamaica and Cuba on the way to the latter country. The first place to which he conducts the reader is the Chilian part of Valparaiso, the Valley of Paradise, whither he arrived from the Society Islands on a certain day, the date of which is not more particularly specified. He awoke on the morning after his arrival, while still on board ship, only to hear inquiries passing between the captain and some of the other passengers, as to whether the earth had done shaking yet, and to find the captain waiting for daylight with pardonable curiosity, in order to see what damage had been done to the town. In fact, a smart shock of an earthquake had been felt during the night, which, however, our traveller had slept through in peaceful unconsciousness. For the next few months of his life Mr. Hill was sojourning in the very head-quarters of earthquakes, and it is not, therefore, surprising that frequent references to these phenomena should be found through the whole course of his work. He notices the remarkable and very well-known fact, that the danger arising from this source is, perhaps, the only one to which men never get accustomed, nay, in this case, seeming to increase rather diminish their alarm. He further indulges in certain speculations respecting the cause of earthquakes, the result of which is summed up in the following passage:

"Investigations have been made by scientific persons with the view to ascertain whether there is any connection between the earthquakes and the volcanic eruptions which have occurred in Peru; but I do not believe that any just grounds have been found for connecting these phenomena. The earthquakes, indeed, are of rare occurrence in the mountain districts where the volcanoes are always found, and are never there attended with such disastrous shocks as have been experienced in the lower lands near the coast in Peru."

It is not altogether easy to make out exactly the meaning which, in the foregoing extract, Mr. Hill intends to convey; but, whatever interpretation we put upon his statement, we regret to say that we cannot acquiesce in its truth. If by the assertion that there is any connection between the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions of Peru, he means to imply that they are perfectly distinct phenomena, arising from different causes, we can only say that his opinion on this point is diametrically opposed to that of the most distinguished authorities who have investigated the subject. If, on the other hand, he designs it only as a rough general expression of the fact, that earthquakes are of comparatively rare occurrence and small intensity in the immediate neighbourhood of active volcanoes, we at once admit the truth of the fact; but, judging from the manner in which it is stated, we must conclude that Mr. Hill is not aware of the existence of the theory, that volcanoes act as vents or safety-valves for the escape of the force which, when confined, causes earthquakes. If this hypothesis be true, there is certainly a very intimate connection between earthquakes and volcanoes; and we can at once understand how it must necessarily follow that the former should be of rare occurrence in the immediate vicinity of the latter.

Mr. Hill did not penetrate very far into the interior of Chili, only travelling to Santiago and back again. This, though not a long, is rather an expensive journey. It is performed in a *valuchi*, a sort of open cabriolet; all of which vehicles, together with their drivers, belong to Santiago. Owing to the badness of the roads, ten horses are required for each car-

riage, and these all set out together, though only two are in harness at a time, while the rest follow driven by an additional postilion and boy, both mounted. Santiago, the capital of Chili, does not appear to be a very remarkable place. While there, Mr. Hill was present at a meeting of the Chilian House of Commons, in which the members all speak sitting; rising to speak being considered as "giving the appearance of menace to the house, and being only done by the boldest in times of great excitement." On the whole, Mr. Hill regards Chili with a decidedly favourable eye. The climate, he says, is the finest to be found on the western coast of South America; and to this, perhaps, somewhat faint praise he adds the more substantial assertion, that "there are few countries inhabited by any of the European races where the inhabitants enjoy so near an exemption from endemic and infectious diseases." With regard to its political institutions, he mentions with deserved praise the admirable and judicious series of regulations owing to which, since 1825, slavery has been entirely abolished throughout the country.

Immediately on his return to Valparaiso, Mr. Hill proceeded by sea to Peru. He landed at Islay, and thence travelled overland to Arequipa. This is a two days' journey, over a high sandy pampa; and is by no means unattended with danger, owing to the frequent occurrence of *medanos*, shifting mounds of sand from ten to twenty feet in height, and from twenty to fifty yards in circumference, which are constantly moving before the wind, and so tend to obliterate the track. Arequipa is a considerable town, but is entirely unprovided with hotels; so that the traveller must come furnished with letters of introduction to some resident in the place. Mr. Hill was hospitably received by Mr. James Jack, the leading British merchant in the town. While there he was witness to a curious application of superstitious feeling to practical purposes, which deserves mention. The chief plaza, or square of the town, is nearly half filled with immense banks of earth, the removal of which is a desirable but somewhat difficult object. These are the astute arrangements by means of which it is gradually being effected:

"But to return to what introduced these remarks. As we were crossing the plaza, we heard something like martial music approaching by one of the principal streets; and presently a number of priests made their appearance, marching in procession. In front of them was carried the figure of a saint about the size of life, and after them followed above a hundred Indians of the peasant class, all mounted upon donkeys and armed with shovels and spades. The figure which was of painted wood, and partially robed in green drapery, held a cross in one hand and a lamb in the other, from which it was clear that it was intended for Saint John.

"As the leading party in the procession reached the plaza, those who bore the figure of the saint, mounted to the top of the highest heap of dirt, and placing their charge on a pedestal covered with crimson cloth, fixed an umbrella upon his arm, in such a manner as to shade his head from the rays of the sun. At this moment the guns of the fortress fired a salute: then the priests retired, and the Indians dismounting, collected their barrows which were at hand, and began to fill them with the dirt, which they wheeled away from the plaza, with a degree of energy well worthy of the holy work in which it was quite clear they believed themselves engaged.

"Mr. Jack now explained to me the meaning of what we saw, which was well known to him. It appeared that some years ago, a row of very old buildings occupied one side of the plaza, and that in removing these and digging for a founda-

tion for others, all the mould and rubbish, none of which could be carried away without passing down a long street, was piled in the open space to await some future opportunity of its being removed. It had, however, now been for a long time a great inconvenience to the citizens, and complaints had been made by them to the officials; but it was found that the expense of clearing the place of the encumbrance by any ordinary means would be too great to be undertaken. The bishop was therefore applied to, and he took an effectual measure to obtain the desired end. He gave orders that this figure of San Juan should be brought from a populous Indian village in the vicinity, and placed upon the heap every morning, and that it should not be replaced on its proper pedestal in the village church until the whole of the rubbish had been removed by the good saint's accustomed worshippers. Hence the strange scene we had just witnessed."

The diversions of the Arequipans, as well as their work, are directed by the priests, and are of a sufficiently harmless description, as the following extract will show:

"I was awakened on the first or second morning after my arrival, by such a strange cracking as I could not remember having ever before heard; and upon making inquiry at the breakfast-table, I was told, that if I would enter the plaza at noon, I should be let into the mystery of a rather droll source of entertainment, very popular here, and which would be the same as that of which I had heard something in the morning.

"On coming to the plaza at the hour named, I found a crowd assembled, and about half a dozen priests, aided by several attendants, busily occupied in setting out in long lines little iron barrels, five or six inches in length and three or four in breadth, till they reached as far as I could see down the main street towards the bridge which has been mentioned.

"These little instruments, though gunpowder is their aliment, have no dangerous qualities, and the noise made by them gives the pleasure above mentioned to the inhabitants of the city. When loaded and spread out to the distance which is in accordance with the degree of sanctity which the day enjoys, and at about two or three feet apart, careful lads lay trains of powder between them, so that when a light is applied to the train by one of the priests stationed near the Cathedral, the barrels at hand take fire, and the flame runs along with rapidity, cracking at every barrel like the loud report of a gun, till the fire reaches round the curves, or to the extremity of the line, which is often half a mile from its commencement. On this occasion the entertainment seemed to be as much enjoyed by the people who were in the plaza, and at their doors in the street, as are the more rational amusements of the populace in European towns on more exciting occasions."

The people of Arequipa, both men and women, appear to be singularly free from any conventional respect for what are commonly regarded as the decencies of life. The instances cited by Mr. Hill in support of this assertion are very characteristic, but are of so *prononcé* a character as scarcely to admit of quotation. The morals of the young men are, we are told, dissolute in the extreme. We may, however, require some more conclusive evidence on this point than that furnished by Mr. Hill, who simply cites the case of a young gentleman in Mr. Jack's office, who, on his hesitating to purchase and keep a horse, was (sad to relate) "regarded as a mean youth; which," adds Mr. Hill, pathetically anxious that Mr. Jack's clerk should not suffer in the estimation of the English public, "was quite the reverse of his real character."

From Arequipa, Mr. Hill proceeded northward to Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru—a somewhat long and difficult journey over mountain ranges, some idea of the height of which may be formed from the fact that the

city itself is nearly 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. In order to render this journey practicable, houses of refuge, called *tambos*, are maintained at different points in the sierra, being entrusted to the charge of Indian families residing in the vicinity. These are huts of the most wretched description; and in more than one of them Mr. Hill found their guardians in an almost starving condition, and begging eagerly for some slight contribution from the travellers' stores. After inspecting the remains of ancient monuments in and about Cuzco, Mr. Hill returned to Arequipa by a different route, taking in his way the town of Puno, which lies on the shores of the great lake of Titicaca. Here he was agreeably surprised by meeting with an English resident, a watch-maker named Morris, who had two very pleasant daughters. From Arequipa he sailed to Port Callao, and thence proceeded to Lima, the present capital of Peru. Here he stayed some time, witnessing a bull-fight, with which he was much disgusted—a feeling which was shared, though on slightly different grounds, by the manager of the exhibition, who declared that at the next contest he would introduce a bull that would be sure to kill one of the men before he was himself killed. Mr. Hill was also introduced to some of the Liman ladies, who appear to be, in some respects at least, by no means undesirable acquaintances. They have sparkling black eyes, and hair to match, and the prettiest mouths, finest teeth, and smallest feet and ankles that Mr. Hill ever saw. We regret to add that the looseness of their morals may be described in similarly superlative terms. They pride themselves especially on the smallness of their feet, a beauty which they are unremitting in their efforts to procure and preserve. Mr. Hill gives a somewhat amusing account of a morning-call on a singularly moral family, to whom he was introduced by a friend. Starting with a painfully elaborate compliment to one of the ladies, he had gradually yielded to a temptation to which he appears to be occasionally liable, and had slid into a somewhat stilted and long-winded style of conversation, when,

"While I was making this speech, I observed something in the countenance of my friend very much like uneasiness, the reasons for which were explained, when he cut short our dialogue by saying in English:

"You are getting out of the track of the discourse usually carried on between the ladies and gentlemen of Lima. Look at the foot on the stool before you. The lady will think we are talking of that, and will be rather pleased than otherwise that I have spoken, as she will believe in admiration of this in a language unknown to them."

"I looked at the foot as I was desired, and my friend then said in French, in a tone rather low: 'Did you ever see anything like that among your ladies?' To which I replied: 'I am sure I never saw a foot so small.'

"I must confess, indeed, that I thought it a little too small; for artificial means, as before mentioned, are used to cramp the feet of the ladies in Lima, which the ladies in Europe do not practise.

"The conversation, by the manœuvre of my friend, was turned into a channel which seemed very agreeable to the ladies."

The general impression made upon Mr. Hill by what he saw in Peru, is decidedly less favourable than that produced by his Chilian experiences. He dwells at some length upon the decline of Spanish influence in the country, and is of opinion that everything is tending to the restoration of the native Peruvians to their original supremacy. The reasons which he assigns for this conclusion are not very ob-

viously convincing, but we are quite willing to take his word for the fact. The government of the country appears to be in the most utter disrepute with the inhabitants. A gentleman of Arequipa, with whom Mr. Hill was conversing on the subject, observed, "There is nothing, sir, so disreputable in Peru as to be mixed up in any way with the government;" and he repeatedly heard "men of abilities and moderate politics declare that, happen what might, they would never disgrace themselves by any interference with, or by taking any part in, political affairs." The population of Peru is of a very mixed character. Besides three races of pure blood, the Spaniards, the Indians, and the negroes, there are nearly twenty varieties produced by intercrossing these breeds, most of which are distinguished by peculiar names. The most important of these are the Mestizo, the offspring of a white father and Indian mother; the mulatto, of a white father and negro mother; the Chino, of an Indian father and negro mother; and the Quateron, of a white father and mulatto mother. Since all these varieties are more inclined to sympathise with their white than with their coloured progenitors, the extirpation of the Spaniards by the Indians can scarcely be more than a very remote contingency.

From Lima, Mr. Hill proceeded by sea to Panama, and thence crossed the Isthmus to the shores of the Caribbean sea. At Panama he took the opportunity of attending divine worship, the English service being performed in one of the rooms in his hotel. The scene was certainly a singular one:

"We had placed ourselves, on entering by the door near the end of the room opposite to that at which the clergyman stood, where we had the whole scene before our eyes. On either side of the table there were probably ten or twelve chairs filled, and about one half of the men in these were thrown back into a sort of rocking position, some with their feet, and others with their legs as far as their knees, on the table, some crossed and some otherwise; their arms being generally folded before them. Others were sitting with their backs to the table, and their faces towards the backs of the chairs upon which their arms were folded; their legs hanging down on either side. The rest had their legs over the backs of the chairs which were in an inclined position, leaning with their elbows on the table behind them. Those who were near the walls, leaned their backs against them, their legs being placed on either side of the backs of the chairs before them. The drollery of the scene was completed by a portion of the congregation on either side of the clergyman, who were balancing themselves and sitting in almost every position save that for which the chairs were designed.

"My first impression was wonder that the clergyman could perform the service before so strange an assembly; but after a few minutes, when it was quite apparent from the perfect stillness among the congregation that every one was serious, and that there was no disposition to act any pleasantry, the whole seemed as natural as if every one were seated as he would have been in one of the churches of a populous town.

"We had probably been in the room about a quarter of an hour, during the whole of which time the clergyman was preaching, when suddenly one of the congregation who had had his legs on the table and seemed sleeping, fell down to the ground. Upon this, my friend and myself, after looking at each other, could remain serious no longer, and being near the door, we retired and were quite unable to return."

The overland journey across the Isthmus is very short, not exceeding twenty-one miles in length, but is extremely difficult, owing to the infamous state of the road. It was, however, enlivened by the very frequent recurrence

of a very remarkable spectacle, which can scarcely be met with, we should think, in equal perfection in any other part of the globe. This was no other than the continual encounter with parties of travellers, all white men, proceeding to California, most of whom were perfectly naked, and carrying their clothes on their arms. This sight, novel though it may be, renders the passage up the Isthmus very disagreeable to ladies. Mr. Hill was accompanied on this occasion by two French ladies, who, though the gold-seekers "generally put their clothes before them as they came near us, and stopped to inquire with great anxiety how far we reckoned ourselves to be from Panama, and what was the condition of the rest of the road," were nevertheless very much disconcerted; but their trouble was slight compared with that of the wife and daughter of an English Consul whom they met further on, the former of whom was exhibiting her distress by "weeping sorely." These "empty travellers" were, we will hope, exclusively Americans.

At the mouth of the river Chagres Mr. Hill embarked in the English ship "Avon," and proceeded to Mexico, *via* Jamaica and Cuba. His visits to all these places were comparatively brief, and his description of them does not occupy more than a quarter of his entire work. The account of the islands is, in fact, of a very meagre and slender sort. His travels in Mexico are confined to a journey from Vera Cruz, where he landed, to the city of Mexico and back again, and a visit to the silver mines of Real del Monte, which are near the capital. Of these mines, and of the operations there conducted, Mr. Hill gives a popular account, which is, perhaps, the most unfortunate portion of the whole book. He is further injudicious enough to add in an appendix a more accurate description of them, which was furnished to him by Mr. Buchan, the resident superintendent. This is a most unwise proceeding. Mr. Hill should have made his election between the popular account and the correct one; it was a fatal imprudence to publish both. The most obvious important discrepancy between the two accounts is that relating to the average richness of the ore. Mr. Hill makes the astounding statement that a ton of common ore "will generally yield about 3,000 ounces of pure silver, which is considered a good return"—(we should rather think it was)—and goes on to say that Mr. Buchan anticipated a return of about 70,000 ounces. It is a pity that Mr. Hill did not take the trouble to make the not very abstruse calculation requisite to ascertain the number of ounces in a ton, before attributing to Mr. Buchan the expectation—somewhat sanguine, perhaps, for a practical man—of obtaining nearly two tons of silver from one ton of ore. On referring to the appendix, we find that, according to Mr. Buchan, the common ore yields on an average thirty-eight ounces of silver per ton.

As to Mr. Hill's views on things in general, we should say, judging from his book, that he is a fervid Protestant, and a devout believer in the unapproachable excellence of English institutions. We are far from wishing to quarrel with him for holding either of these articles of belief. Neither of them, however, is sufficiently novel or sufficiently disputed to make it worth while to insist upon it strongly, unless there be some originality in the grounds advanced for its support. This is not the case with Mr. Hill. His Protestantism develops itself chiefly in passages such as this: "When will the foolishness, to give it no worse name, which has been introduced into the Christian religion, and maintains its ground in so many

nations of the world, give way to the plain unvarnished truth which Protestants are able to contemplate without the deceptive disguise in which it so often appears?" The superiority of England over all other nations he attributes to "that marked separation of classes which is observable in the English system of government" above all others. Mr. Hill informs us, in his preface, that one of his chief aims in the present volume is to "exhibit such phases of character as have fallen under his observation among people living under various forms of government, and in different stages of civilisation." This aim is, we fear, but imperfectly attained. The only peculiar phase of character which we have detected in his volumes is that of an intelligent Spaniard, with a singularly small wife, whom he fell in with in a desolate spot between Arequipa and Cuzco, who was addicted to a philosophical style of discourse seldom met with at such elevations. The conversation which took place on this occasion is reported at some length, and is by no means devoid of interest. Mr. Hill's companion on the same journey was a Spaniard, who proved to be more than commonly sulky and disagreeable; but this is scarcely a sufficiently distinctive peculiarity to justify us in attributing it to the form of government in Peru, and is, perhaps, a proof of a deficiency in civility rather than of civilisation, in the individual in question.

Mr. Hill is rather addicted to the habit of interspersing his narrative with detached tags and scraps of poetry,—a practice which we are rather inclined to deprecate, especially when, as is too often the case, the interpolated fragments bear but a slender relation to the context. What good end, for instance, is attained, when stating that alligators abound in the Chagres river, by quoting the lines,

"The creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water?"

Nor, we confess, do we see the aptitude of the quotation, when, after observing that Pizarro's crimes have been palliated by many historians, he adds,

"The evil that men do live after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

After all, however, Mr. Hill's book, though not marked by any striking power or originality, contains a good deal that will doubtless interest the general reader, and will secure for it a fair share of public attention.

A Review of the Literary History of Germany, from the earliest Period to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By Gustav Solling, of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and the Charter House, London. (Williams and Norgate.)

IN this small work we have one of the best digests of the Literary History of Germany that we remember to have seen. The learned author begins his account at about 100 B.C. He tells us that, according to the Grecian and Roman writers who have treated of this period, as also according to modern philological researches which fully bear out their assertions, the German language was that of an ancient and powerful race, divided into different tribes, which at a very remote age emigrated from the northern part of Asia, and spread over and settled in the northern and central parts of Europe. The word "deutsch," he says, derives from the Gothic "*thiuda*," "*diot*," "*diet*," which signifies "belonging to the people." The Germanians, or men of arms, were a mighty tribe living on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, and "formidably

known for their prowess and warlike virtues even to the Romans."

"In proportion as the Teutonic races spread over the provinces of Western Europe, the Romanic language, a mixture of Roman and German, was created and spoken in Spain, Italy, France, and the Britannie Empire, whilst the German retained its primitive character in those parts situated between the Elbe and Rhine, the Alps and Germanic Ocean."

Already in the primitive age began the distinction of dialects among the Teutonic tribes; the High-German ("oberdeutsch") being spoken in the south, and the Low-German ("niederdeutsch") in the north of Germany. The former, the distinguishing characteristic of which is what Mr. Solling calls the "full and broad pronunciation of the consonants," prevails still in the Tyrol, in Austria, Bavaria, Suabia, and Switzerland; the latter, which is more soft and more free from harshness, along the Lower Rhine, in Westphalia, Hanover, Lower Saxony, Holstein, Mecklenburg, Brandenburg, &c. There is also a medium between these principal dialects, forming the Middle-German, obtaining in Silesia, Lusatia, Saxony Proper, the Hartz mountains, and Hesse.

The most ancient literature of the Germans consisted chiefly, of course, in national songs, some festive, some warlike, some commemorative of fallen heroes. These were transmitted from generation to generation by tradition; the knowledge of written characters, called "Runen," having at that time spread but very imperfectly among the people. Of these there are still remains extant in the Icelandic *Edda*; for the Scandinavian races, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, and Icelanders, are all of German blood, and were early acquainted with the principles of poetry.

Time thus rolled on, until the appearance of Ulfilas, a bishop of the Moeso-Goths, now Wallachians,—who flourished from A.D. 360—380. To those who are curious to see the state of the German language at that time, it will be interesting to compare the Moeso-Gothic version of the Lord's Prayer as given by Ulfilas, with the High-German version of Luther twelve hundred years later:

"ULFILAS.

"Atta unsar thu in himinam, weihnai namo thein. Quimai thiudinassus theins. wairthai wilja theins. swe in himina jah ana airthai. Hlaif unsarana thana steintain gif uns himmadago. Jah aflet uns thatei skulans sijaima. swaswe jah weis afletam thaim skulam unsaraim. Jah ni briggais uns in fraistubnjai. ak lausei uns af thamma ubilin. unte theina ist thiudangardi. jah matha. ja wultus in aiwins. Amen.

"LUTHER.

"Unser Vater in dem Himmel! Dein Name werde geheiligt. Dein Reich komme. Dein Wille geschehe auf Erden, wie im Himmel. Unser tägliches Brod gib uns heute. Und vergieb uns unsere Schulden, wie wir unsern Schuldigern vergeben. Und führe uns nicht in Versuchung, sondern erlöse uns von dem Uebel. Denn Dein ist das Reich, und die Kraft, und die Herrlichkeit, in Ewigkeit. Amen."

This first age in the history of the literature of Germany our author closes at the year A.D. 768. But though we have but small records of it remaining to us, we must remember that it was during this very period, that the history and the language of our own country became identified with those of the Teutonic inhabitants of Northern Germany. Six several times were our shores successfully invaded, once by the Jutes, three times by the Saxons, and twice by the Angles, and nearly the whole of what is now called England became subject to their sway; and so entirely did the language

of the invaders supersede that of the natives, that with the sole exception of Wales, there is no part of the kingdom south of the Tweed in which any vestige of it remains.

The second period of his history, which our author calls the Franconian period, he makes to extend from Charlemagne to the Suabian Emperors, that is, from A.D. 768—1137, during which time the German language, "owing to the lively interest bestowed upon it by the great Charles, improved considerably." The most important writings which have come down to us from this age are in the ancient High-German. This was the age of Alcuin and Eginhard the historian; and Mr. Solling gives us a brief sketch of the "Hildbrandslied,"—which, it appears, also exists in a somewhat altered form in the Scandinavian "Sagas,"—and a copy of the commencement of the "Wessobrunner Gebet," which, as well as the former, dates from the eighth century.

The next era will extend from the ascension of the throne by Henry III., the first of the Hohenstaufen, A.D. 1137, to the founding of the first German Universities, A.D. 1348. This age, the age of the Minnesängers, will appear to be the most prolific, as well as the most poetical and romantic. It was in itself a stirring period, the events of which were calculated in no small degree to develope and to sustain the mental life of the nation:

"Chivalry with its romantic aspirations, the glorious age of the Crusades with its lofty enthusiasm and noble deeds, the stirring example of the minstrels of the south of France, the 'Troubadours,' whose cultivated minds and more refined manners could not but exercise the most beneficial, the most refining influence on our more uncouth northern bards; the increasing prosperity of the nation, the result of the cultivation of the soil and the spread of commerce, all these combined influences developed the mental progress of an age, which we call with pride 'das Blüthenalter' of our early literature."

It was the age of Germany's great epic, "The Lay of the Nibelungen," in which are centred the various traditions of the heroic age, and which, according to Lachmann, must have appeared about A.D. 1210. It is curious how very little this wonderful poem is known in England. And yet, "all writers have agreed respecting its intrinsic literary merit; the author, who is unknown, has shown throughout the most cultivated and refined mind; and we look upon it with national pride, as being one of our greatest treasures of antiquity." Mr. Solling gives us a condensation of the events of the Nibelungenlied, as also of "Gudrun," which occupies so prominent a place in the history of ancient German literature, that competent judges have even called it "die Nebensonne," looking upon it, as it were, as a reflection of the great epic.

Next comes the fourth, the proaic period, the age of the "Meistergesängers;" the age of Luther, whom our author calls "at once the reformer of religion and the regenerator of the language of his country, who, by the translation of the Bible into German, erected a literary monument which will last as long as the name of German literature shall be appreciated by his grateful countrymen." It was during this period that Hans Sachs, the famed cobbler of Nuremberg, flourished, and "Reinecke Fuchs," by Baumann, and "Das Narrenschiff," by Brandt, and other satirical writings made their appearance. The origin of the "Meistergesang" was not likely to be productive of very poetical results. It seems to have been as follows:—in several towns a corporate body of the citizens was formed, representing the various trades and handicrafts,

who met after the day's work at their clubs for the purpose of practising the noble art of rhyming. On Sundays the singing-club met, in order to comment upon the merits of the different songs composed during the week; and prizes were awarded to the writers of those which were pronounced to be the best. Doubtless, as our author says, this was conducive enough to "the cause of morality and temperance;" "virtue, contentment, and concord are reflected" in the productions of this period; but neither the system nor the result appears to be very highly poetical. But co-existent with the fettered school of the Meistergesang, and diametrically opposed to it in its very nature, was the free, unadorned, vigorous expression of the true sentiments of the people in the Volkslied. Simplicity of style, and truthful delineation of character, are the peculiar features of the Volkslieder, and constitute their chief merit; and very many of the songs, first sung between two and three hundred years ago, are still as widely known, and as popular as ever, wherever the German language is spoken.

During the fifth period, which occupies the end of the sixteenth and the whole of the seventeenth centuries, poetry remained, comparatively speaking, dormant in Germany. The argumentative warfare upon church-matters was carried on chiefly in Latin, and the national language was therefore but little cultivated throughout this period. Martin Luther and Ulrich von Hutten, in their oratorical and didactic style, addressed, indeed, the masses in the vernacular, and so, as our author says, "kindled a sense (desire) for free discussions, conducive to civil and religious liberty."

The sixth period, "the time of Germany's intellectual degradation," is hardly marked out by our author with sufficient distinctness. The Thirty Years' War, from 1618 to 1648, had doubtless done much to spread a gloom over "Germany's literary horizon;" and in fact, from Mr. Solling's account, the language of Germany gradually ceased to a great extent to be purely German; it became fashionable, he says, "to mix foreign words with our own, and even to alienize our grammatical construction." "It was no longer *distingué* to speak one's own language." Bodmer, indeed, appeared at this period, and Godsched; but much as they both did for the literature of their country, the former was chiefly a student of the English classics, while Godsched,—or rather, if, as we believe, we use his more usual appellation, Gottsched,—seems to have been more especially an admirer of the French. It was not until the time of Klopstock, that the clouds began to break. Klopstock, the German Homer, as Menzel calls him, became the great reformer of the long-neglected language of his country. By his *Messiah*, and still more by his *Odes*, he exercised, beyond all gainsaying, a most beneficial influence upon the literature of the eighteenth century; or, to quote the words of Mr. Solling,

"He was as it were the literary sun, reappearing at last to develop by its benign rays those poetical germs, which during so long a winter had remained dormant in the German soil, and which were now to spring up and produce so splendid a harvest."

Then, too, came Gleim, and Kleist, and the still more renowned Lessing; and the Göttinger-club, which numbered among its members Voss, and Hölty, and Bürger, and Hahn, and the Counts Stolberg, and did so much for the regeneration of German poetry and German feeling, and paved the way for the seventh

and last, and, as our author terms it, "the golden age" of the literature of his country,—the age of Herder, Goethe, and Schiller,—the age which, amongst the countless host of poets, historians, philosophers, and others, who have shed an undying lustre upon their land, and, "by shaking off the hereditary dust of centuries, have delivered the mind from the bondage in which it was kept, and enabled it to soar heavenwards, and roam at pleasure in the regions of the infinite,"—has produced him whom his native country and the world still mourn, "Alexander von Humboldt, the immortal writer of *Kosmos*."

But though Mr. Solling takes the opportunity of paying a graceful tribute to one, of whom, though so lately taken from us, his country had already reason to be proud, and whose genius was already shining in all its brightness, before this century had well begun to run its course, yet it does not enter into the scope of the work of which we are speaking to examine at all into the effect produced upon German language and literature by any writer of quite so late a date: and this essay, at least that part of it which refers more especially to the history of German literature, closes accordingly with a well-drawn parallel between those two great figures, which occupy so prominent a position in "the *Walhalla* of the German nation," Goethe and Schiller, "of whom it has been said that they were like two brothers occupying the same throne."

Of their writings Mr. Solling purposes to speak at greater length in a second volume, which will not, we trust, be long in making its appearance. Meanwhile, we can cordially recommend the present part of the work to the perusal of our readers. It is a small book, but it contains much information well put together, and of a highly interesting and instructive character.

Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. In Two Vols. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE larger and by far the most interesting part of the second volume is devoted to Japan,—a country, in spite of what works are extant upon it, hardly known to us at all. What is the actual extent of the acquaintance which nineteen men out of twenty in England have formed with this remote and most remarkable empire? A few volumes of travels and so forth, revealing principally an amount of reserve, exclusiveness, and reticence on the part of the natives, fully equal to that exhibited by their neighbours the Chinese,—a general notion of what a Japanned candlestick and lacquer mean,—and a sort of hazy impression that certain Dutchmen have for a number of years occupied a lonely prison-like settlement somewhere on an island near the shore, with the privilege of occasionally visiting the mainland at the expense of publicly insulting the emblem of their religion,—these we believe may be said very fairly to sum up the notions entertained by the large majority of the British public on the subject. We are entering now on a new era. Lord Elgin's treaty has opened up the country, not absolutely, but to an extent which renders trading and communication generally infinitely easier than it has ever yet been. The vast and increasing fleet of merchantmen which plies, and will continue, during and after the Bruce War, to ply between this country and China, will speedily find their way across the very few hundreds of miles of sea which intervene between that country and Japan, and

we may reasonably anticipate within a very few years as regular a communication with the latter country as with Ceylon or Australia. No better introduction to an intimate knowledge of the Japanese Empire can, we are convinced, be found than in the work before us. The time spent by the writer there was very short indeed. On the 2nd of August the mission first sighted Japanese land, and on the 26th the treaty was signed. The places visited were but three,—Nagasaki, Simoda, and Yedo (the capital). The observations made were effected in intervals snatched from official labours, and evidently, as to the majority of them, in a sort of breathless haste; and yet we will venture to say that all the works on this singular country which adorn the bookshelves of our public libraries, contain among them less really useful, and we must add, entertaining information on the subject than the twelve first chapters of the second volume of Mr. Oliphant's work. One reason of this, that he had obviously read up the country well before he visited it, and—rare virtue in a traveller and an author!—is not above acknowledging his authority, when he quotes a previous writer; another, that on the stock of information so acquired, he engrafts the same powers of keen observation and happy delineation which we noticed in the volume on China; and a third, that when he fails in acquiring full information on any matter he candidly acknowledges the fact, and in a spirit diametrically opposed to the most approved theory of bookmaking, stops short instead of drawing on his imagination; and it is rarely indeed that it has fallen to our lot to meet with so much solid and useful information on the history, constitution, laws and customs of a country, combined with so much humorous and diverting description of men and manners, and condensed into so comparatively small a space.

Between the Chinese and Japanese the author is at pains to draw a very wide and marked distinction, and indeed, though many of the absurdities of exclusion are common to both nations, steadily thawing, by the way, before the genial influence of advancing civilisation, yet in every respect the balance of the comparison is very largely in favour of the island race. In all those qualities of heart and general moral character which ennoble and endear, there seems no room for the slightest doubt as to the superiority of the Japanese; frank, generous, frugal, confiding, light-hearted, intelligent, and tolerably honest, they afford the most agreeable contrast to the sly, half-stupid, half-cunning reticence and unscrupulous lying of the pig-eyed and pig-headed inhabitants of the neighbouring continent. That they exhibited just as much anxiety to prevent the ambassador from reaching his destination as the Chinese did, and just as much cunning in attempting to "bamboozle" him out of his purpose, is true enough; but his point once gained and the officials landed in a position from which there was no escaping, they seem to have accepted the situation with a cheerful *bonhomie* which is perfectly refreshing, and forms a marked and most agreeable contrast to the never-ending attempts at overreaching and deception which distinguished the negotiations with the Chinamen from first to last. A most characteristic and ludicrous instance of this distinction is recorded in connection with the first official conference between our ambassador and the Japanese commissioners; it took place at Lord Elgin's quarters, and is thus described:

"Before proceeding to work, our guests sat down with great readiness to luncheon, and made formidable inroads upon the ham, the dish of all others which they most highly appreciate. They

also indulged freely in champagne; indeed, so conscious were they of the risk attending these libations preparatory to entering upon business, that Higo facetiously expressed a hope that the Treaty would not taste of ham and champagne.

"After luncheon we adjourned to Lord Elgin's sitting-room, where his Excellency and the Commissioners seated themselves round the table, and mutually exhibited their full powers. While some necessary details involved in this process were being transacted, Mr. Bedwell took the opportunity of making the characteristic and truthful drawing which forms the frontispiece to this volume,—a fact which Higo no sooner remarked, than, seizing a pencil and paper, he proceeded to caricature the artist, and suddenly interrupted the proceedings by triumphantly producing a very fair attempt at a likeness.

"Now that we had really settled down to work, everybody lighted a pipe or a cigar, and although, as regarded from a red-tape point of view, the general aspect of the scene may have been somewhat informal, a great deal of business was accomplished.

"We were now able to enter upon the body of the Treaty, and very soon discovered that the Commissioners manifested the greatest acumen in the discussion of points of detail, never resting satisfied until they thoroughly comprehended the *rationale* of every question raised. Once, indeed, so serious a difficulty arose, that, to create a diversion, some one proposed that we should have some *cha* (tea), upon which Lord Elgin suggested *champagne*, an amendment which caused infinite merriment, and which was carried by acclamation. The Japanese have a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, and many a knotty point was solved by *bon mot*; indeed, to judge by the perpetual laughter in which they indulge, they are for ever making jokes. Higo was the wit of the party, and was in consequence not only inattentive himself, but apt to distract the attention of the others. It was evident in the twinkle of his eye when he was meditating a pun. His observations, nevertheless, upon business matters, whenever he condescended to make them, were always shrewd and to the point."

We will entreat our readers to picture such a scene at the approaching congress. Ham, champagne, and cigars, and the best of it all, real business doing and real progress making all the while! The bare notion is enough to frighten the whole *corps diplomatique* out of what senses red-tapism has left them, and startle them into doing something and in a way worthy at last of sensible men and men of business. A fit pendant to this singular specimen of modern diplomacy is furnished by a sort of farewell dinner given to the commissioners, and at which they were initiated into the mysteries of toast-giving:

"When the entertainment was over, we adjourned to dinner. As this was a more formidable meal than those luncheons at which the Commissioners had been in the habit of assisting, they addressed themselves to it with becoming solemnity, partaking steadily of everything that was offered to them, and mixing up the most incongruous articles of food in a manner which was somewhat distressing, but difficult always to prevent. On the whole, they fed more like Christians than any other unchristian nation I have ever seen, constantly glancing at us slyly out of the corners of their eyes to see what we were eating, and how we were doing it. At last the final act was concluded, and Lord Elgin informed the Commissioners that, it being the habit among loyal Englishmen to drink the health of their sovereign, he was now about to propose that toast. This was evidently a custom entirely new to them; and they had scarcely had time to comprehend its meaning before their ears were startled by the noisy "honours" with which it was immediately followed. Quickly taking their cue, however, the three-times-three had not been rung out before it was

lustily joined in by our guests. The next toast was the health of his Majesty the Tycoon, which was no less uproariously responded to, the Commissioners by this time having arrived at a pitch of enthusiasm and champagne which made them enter warmly into the proceedings of the evening. 'When you in the West want to honour a person especially, you roar and shout after your meals. It was a curious custom, but they understood it now.' Indeed, to prove it, Sina-nonokami, a very grave old man, during a dead pause in the conversation, suddenly started to his feet and emitted a stentorian cheer, after which he sat solemnly down, the effect on the rest of the company being to produce an irresistible shout of laughter."

The history of the country receives some curious elucidations at the hands of the author. The most curious perhaps in the shape of a piece of dried salt-fish, enclosed by the priest of a temple in a note to Lord Elgin, accompanying a "huge dish of pears." This singular accompaniment, we are told, forms a recognised part of Japanese correspondence. It is the postscript to the letter, and the burden of it is, "Happy those who never depart from the wisdom of their ancestors;" in other words, "Remember we were originally a nation of fishermen; let us not now become effeminate and luxurious, but recognise in the enclosed slice of fish the emblem of our former occupation, and let it recall to us the necessity of abstinence and frugality;" there is something almost touching in this simple but ever-standing memento, and by Mr. Oliphant's account, the lesson it reads is very far from lost on those who use it. There is a very curious and interesting account of the manner in which the great question of Church and State came by degrees to be settled in Japan, a process which had its beginning as far back as the year 660 A.C., and results to this day in the remarkable phenomenon of a double emperor, a spiritual one (Mikado), and a temporal one (Tycoon): the functions of the two are thus briefly summed up:

"Although nominally consulted in temporal matters, and jealously distinguished from his temporal rival by the term Emperor, the Mikado, or Spiritual Emperor, is in fact a mere puppet. He occasionally receives visits of ceremony from the Tycoon, and gives a formal sanction to matters of State; but generally votes the spiritual crown a bore before he has worn it very long, and, abdicating in favour of a son, descends from the realms above, and passes a peaceful old age in this sub-lunary sphere.

"The Tycoon, on the other hand, is ostensibly the Administrator of the Empire; but he, too, has been exalted to so high a pitch of temporal dignity, that his lofty station has been robbed of all its substantial advantages, and he passes the life of a state prisoner, shut up in his magnificent citadel, except when he pays a state visit to Miako. It was a cruel satire upon this unhappy potentate to present him with a yacht; one might as well request the Pope's acceptance of a wife."

It appears, however, that under a system of incognito, known in Japan as "nayboen," etiquette may to almost any extent be set aside, and that it is just possible the emperor may under its sanction be occasionally able to visit his yacht; but, in the name of all that is extraordinary, may we ask who advised our most gracious sovereign to select such a present? A box of dominoes, or a piano-forte, would seem to have been far more appropriate.

The missionary labours and singular success of Xavier are matters of history: it is nevertheless pleasant to find them summed up in so masterly a way as in the volume before us:

"Whatever may have been the means of proselytism which he employed, of the marvellous results there can be no doubt . . . Nor was the faith

thus implanted in the breasts of some hundreds of thousands of converts a mere nominal creed, to be swept away by the first wave of persecution. The early records of the Church do not afford instances of more unflinching heroism than is furnished in the narratives of those martyrdoms to which Japanese of all ranks were subjected when the day of trial came. Thousands were slaughtered at Simabarra, thousands more tormented and put to death in cold blood, or rolled down the Pappenberg; yet we have reason to believe that the last spark has never yet been extinguished, and that, smouldering secretly, the fire of François Xavier still burns in the bosoms of some of those who have received the traditions of his teaching. It is to be regretted that the inordinate love of political power which characterises the disciples of Loyola, should have led the successors of the first missionaries into intrigues which terminated so disastrously for themselves and their creed, for thereby they have closed Japan to those Protestant missionary efforts which the government of that Empire are now firmly resolved on resisting."

An interesting résumé of the circumstances which led to these fearful persecutions follows; and the writer gives both the Jesuit and Dutch version of them, leaving his readers to choose between the two. To what extent men who appear to have hesitated at no act of humiliation rather than lose their trade, who joined in the persecution of their fellow-Christians, and who "finally put a climax to their obedience by bombarding, at the behest of the Japanese Government, 37,000 Christians who were cooped up within the walls of Simabarra," are entitled to credit for impartiality or truth-telling, is a matter on which one may at any rate be allowed to form an opinion. After this we are not surprised to find that, up to a few years ago, Dutch ships were obliged to anchor at a particular spot, and, whilst waiting permission to proceed, to collect "all the bibles and prayer-books belonging to the sailors," and put them into a chest which was nailed down, left under the care of the Japanese, and not restored until their departure.

The whole chapter on the constitution and government of this singular country, as well as the incidental notices of the same subjects which are scattered about in other parts of the volume, are most valuable and interesting. The most singular feature of all is that of universal espionage which appears to be so completely the element of a Japanese, that at the first conference the Commissioners were actually embarrassed by the circumstance of there being no one present to watch them. Mr. Oliphant's conclusions on this very remarkable system, which seems the central one of Japanese government, are worth recording in his own words:

"It is said that he (the emperor) is as narrowly watched by spies as any of his subjects. In fact, the more we investigate the extraordinary system under which Japan is governed, the more evident does it become, that the great principle upon which the whole fabric rests, is the absolute extinction of individual freedom: to arrive at this result, resort is had to a complicated machinery, so nicely balanced, that, as everybody watches everybody, so no individual can escape paying the penalty to society of any injury he may attempt to inflict upon it. One of the most beneficial results arising from this universal system of espionage — for it extends through all classes of society — is the entire probity of every Government employé. So far as we could learn or see, they were incorruptible. When men can neither offer nor receive bribes; when it is almost impossible, even indirectly, to exercise corrupt influences, there is little fear of the demoralisation of public departments of the State. In this respect Japan affords a brilliant contrast to China, and even to some Euro-

pean countries. So long as this purity exists even though purchased at the cost of secret espial, there can be little cause to fear the decadence of the Empire."

The espionage system seems exclusively and characteristically Japanese; the principle of exclusion they share with the Chinese. In both cases, as we have already hinted, the advance of civilisation is gradually exterminating the principle; meanwhile, however, an amusing exemplification of it will be found in the following incident, which occurred in the streets of the capital:

"As the only foreigners of whom the untravelled inhabitants of Yedo have ever heard are the Chinese, we had the very high compliment paid us of being supposed to belong to that favoured nation; so that, as in China you are called, as you ride along the streets, a barbarian or a 'foreign devil,' in Japan the *gamins* run after you and say, 'Look at the Chinamen!' 'There go the Chinamen!' while their commercial instinct is betrayed by the shout, 'Chinamen, Chinamen! have you anything to sell?'"

Another great national institution—that of suicide—has, it appears, undergone some modifications in modern times, and, having thus become a sham, may, one would hope, gradually disappear before the inroads of superior intelligence which may now be anticipated. As at present practised it is thus described:

"This notorious method of suicide, the only Japanese custom with which the Western world has long been familiar, has of late years assumed a somewhat modified form, and no longer consists in that unpleasant process of abdomen ripping, which must have been almost as disagreeable an operation to witness as to perform. My friend Higo-no-kami presented me with a knife proper to be used under the old system—an exceedingly business-like weapon about ten inches long, sharp as a razor, and made of steel of the highest temper. Now this knife is only used to make a slight incision, significant of the intention of the victim to put an end to himself. He has collected his wife and family to see how a hero can die; his dearest friend—he who in our own country would have been his best-man at his wedding—stands over him with a drawn sword, and when he commences to make the aforesaid incision, the sword descends, and the head rolls at the feet of his disconsolate family."

The descriptive portions of this volume are fully equal to those we have already noticed. Lord Elgin and the gentlemen composing the mission appear to have availed themselves with avidity of every possible opportunity for excursions in every possible direction. Yedo and its suburbs, temples, tea-gardens, fairs, shops, every place, in short, which afforded any feature of interest appears to have been visited and explored as carefully as time would permit; and certainly the result may fairly acquit Mr. Oliphant of the national accusation made against us on the Continent, of seeing everything that is to be seen without seeing anything as it ought to be seen. It is very difficult in such a maze of varied subjects, all of more than ordinary interest, to extract what will fall within the compass of an ordinary review. We select, by way of choice, first a view of Yedo (the capital) from the Palace Citadel of the unfortunate emperor:

"Crossing a species of canal which forms the outer moat, we continued to pass through a quarter still occupied by the residences of the nobility, until we burst suddenly upon a view so unexpected and so remarkable in its character, that we could scarcely believe that we were still in the centre of a huge city, and that city the capital of an Empire supposed to be in a state of barbarism. Standing on a broad terrace, we looked down some seventy or eighty feet upon a moat fifty or sixty yards in

width, but expanding to a small lake, covered with lotus, as it approached the precipitous causeway by which it was traversed. A steep slope of grassy turf rose from the opposite edge of the water to an even greater elevation than that at which we were standing. Groups of trees fringed the water, and drooped their boughs into it; while a massive wall, constructed of blocks of stone almost Cyclopean in their proportions, crowned the high bank. This wall was in its turn surmounted by a wooden palisade—the spreading branches of gigantic cedars, and the leafy crowns of numerous tall trees appearing above it, gave evidence of gardens and pleasure-grounds within.

“Following along the margin of this gigantic ditch, the largest artificial work of the sort I ever saw, we reached the narrow causeway which affords ingress to the *rus in urbe*, for from this point we were emphatically reminded that we were indeed in the centre of a vast city. We had now attained a considerable elevation, and, except where the prospect was interrupted by the citadel itself, obtained an extensive panoramic view over the greater part of Yedo, extending in an endless series of house-tops in a southerly direction, and fully confirming the impression which was rapidly gaining upon us, that the capital of Japan must take a first-class position, in point of extent and population, among the cities of the world. The citadel alone is said to measure eight miles in circumference, and to afford shelter to forty thousand souls, which it may well do, and yet leave room for spacious palaces, and scenes of rural retirement and rustic beauty. As its Imperial occupant is too great a person ever to be permitted to pass into the vulgar world outside its walls, he is, poor man, entitled to as much space as can reasonably be afforded to him within them.”

And next, the fair :

“The scene did not differ materially from an English fair. Aunt Sally, under divers modifications, seems to be a relative of the universe. It is worthy of remark, however, that gambling is not allowed by the Government, or even games of cards. Here were people throwing sticks at marks, shooting arrows at so much a shot, looking into peep-shows through small slits in the canvass, or lounging through flower-booths. There was, indeed, a better show of flowers here, and more curious specimens of plants, than we had seen at Hovee; the gardens were more extensive and tastefully laid out, particular localities being set apart for grantees, from which the vulgar herd are excluded by cords stretched across the entrance.

“To one of these we retired for rest and tea; then we proceeded to inspect an aviary, which contained an extensive collection of birds interesting to the ornithologist. Unfortunately my knowledge of the subject does not warrant my venturing to describe them. There were pheasants, green-pigeons, rice-birds, and tiny little flutterers, somewhat resembling *avadavats*. But the greater part were species with which I was not familiar.”

And a sort of Madame Tussaud's exhibition there :

“Immediately on entering, a gorgeously decorated junk, almost the size of nature, gaily freighted with a pleasure-party, was sailing over an ocean so violently agitated that only one result could be anticipated in real life: but the junk was merely a sort of scene to conceal the exhibition behind it. This consisted of a series of groups of figures carved in wood the size of life, and as cleverly coloured as Madame Tussaud's wax-works. No. 1 was a group of old men, in which decrepitude and senility of countenance were admirably portrayed. No. 2, a group of young Japanese Hebes dressing, and a country clothopper rooted to the spot in ecstasy at the contemplation of their charms. The humour of this tableau consisted in an appearance of unconsciousness on the part of the ladies. No. 3 was a princess in magnificent array, seated on a dais, watching her maids of honour going through divers gymnastic

performances: one of them was in a position more agile than graceful, her occupation being, while extended on her back, to keep a ball dancing in the air on the soles of her feet. The attitudes, which were extremely difficult to represent correctly in wood-carving, were executed with wonderful spirit and truth to nature. No. 4 was a group of men quarrelling over sake; the fragments of the cups, dashed to pieces in their anger, lay strewn about. Upon the countenances of two of the men the expression of ungovernable rage was well depicted. The other was leaning back and laughing immoderately. No. 5 was a group of women bathing in the sea; one of them had been caught in the folds of a cuttle-fish; the others, in alarm, were escaping, leaving their companion to her fate. The cuttle-fish was represented on a huge scale, its eyes, eyelids, and mouth being made to move simultaneously by a man inside the head.”

Nor can we omit the description of the Governor of Simoda and his very eccentric arrangements in reference to luncheon :

“The day following our arrival at Simoda, Lord Elgin received a visit from the Governor. He had learnt that we proposed going up the Bay of Yedo, and his object now was to exert all his powers of persuasion to induce Lord Elgin to forego this intention. He brought a large suite on board with him, all of whom seemed to appreciate an English luncheon. I was rather startled to hear one of them refuse Curacao, and ask for Maraschino instead. The Governor himself was a man of a most jovial temperament. He indulged in constant chuckles, and rather reminded one of Mr. Weller, senior. He seemed to consider everything a capital joke—even Lord Elgin's positive refusal to comply with his request to hand over the yacht at Simoda and remain at that place. He used every possible argument to carry his point, but without avail. He said he dreaded the consequences to himself, and chuckled; still more did he dread the consequences to us, and chuckled again; and when at last he found that we were neither to be frightened or cajoled, he seemed perfectly contented, and proceeded to wrap up in square pieces of paper any articles of food which particularly struck his fancy, which he carried in the folds of his shirt, saying, as he did so, that he had a number of children at home of an age to appreciate the culinary curiosities of foreign parts. Many of his suite seemed to have families also, for they followed his example. I rather think one attempted to carry away some strawberry jam in his bosom, or in the sleeve of his coat, which was made full and baggy for the purpose. These square pieces of paper are not used exclusively for wrapping up food in; upon them inquisitive Japanese take notes, and in them they blow their noses. It is a mark of politeness to carry away a quantity of food from a dinner-table; so much so, that a very civil guest sometimes brings a servant and a basket to carry away those remnants which a good English housekeeper would appropriate to luncheon next day. This is a somewhat expensive mode of showing approval of one's friend's dinner, but not so disagreeable as the gradations in which a man of good-breeding indulges in with the same object.”

Fire-escapes, let us notice *en passant*, are Japanese inventions; let us give every one his due.

Among the industrial products of Japan, the ever-recurring lacquer ware appears to assume the principal place; but porcelain ware, paper, some of it of singularly fine texture and toughness, embroidery, toys, muslin, dwarf trees and little dogs—both which last articles we advisedly class as “industrial products,”—as well as finely-tempered steel weapons, claim a large share of attention. The author's researches in the direction of literature, however, appear to have been most unhappily marred by a sort of mysterious influence, emanating probably from some Government

hint, which induced booksellers to scramble away their goods the moment the terrible stranger appeared to be bearing down on the shop. He gathered enough, however, to come to the conclusion—and, he says, “we learned more Japanese words in a week than we had of Chinese in a year”—that,

“The Japanese write, like the Chinese, in columns, from the top to the bottom of the paper, beginning at the right-hand side. The character is less fantastic and far more running than the Chinese. There is, indeed, not the slightest similarity between the languages, the one being monosyllabic and the other polysyllabic. The Japanese words are often of unconscionable length, but the sounds are musical, and not difficult to imitate; whereas the Chinese words, though of one syllable, consist generally of a gulp or a grunt, not attainable by those whose ears have not become thoroughly demoralised by a long residence in the country.”

The remainder of this volume is devoted to Lord Elgin's second visit to China, the account of which is distinguished by the same powers of felicitous description which we mentioned in our first notice, but which want of space compels us to dismiss thus briefly.

We have only to add that both volumes are profusely and well illustrated with tinted lithographs, coloured prints, and woodcuts; some of the second kind, which are reproductions of native Japanese drawings, being extremely curious. As regards, however, the first, we cannot help regretting that the drawing on stone of Mr. Bedwell's sketches should have been entrusted to an artist whose acquaintance with shipping was so limited; the gunboats, &c. are a libel on the British navy.

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. New Edition. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

THE old year left us mourning and the new year found us lamenting, for death had been busy amongst men of worth. Science had lost a noble pair; literature some of her goodliest sons; and not the least of those who are gone was he who sleeps in Kensal Green. He was dim beside that brilliant star whose light at its brightest was extinguished in a moment; who was taken away in the midst of a task which an expectant world was eagerly watching, and which must now remain a noble fragment for ever, for who can write as Macaulay wrote? Still the name of Leigh Hunt will not be forgotten, and his autobiography will not be unread. The guest of Byron, the friend *par excellence* of Shelley, the acquaintance of Keats, the associate of Lamb and Coleridge, the reformer critic of the *News*, the editor of the *Examiner*, who struck the first blow for the freedom of the press, and suffered for it fine and imprisonment, had a right to suppose that the story of his life would be gladly read by the public at large, and two previous editions* are proof that he was not mistaken: we have before us a new edition, revised by the hand which now is cold, and the eldest son of the dead has added his mite thereto. More than 80,000 persons lately read, or had the opportunity of reading, a short account of the life of Leigh Hunt in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*: and, so far as the man himself is concerned, we know not whether they who content themselves with that will not have the advantage of those whom curiosity or kindly feeling shall prompt to a perusal of the present volume: for in truth it is somewhat tedious. It requires steady reading for twenty-eight pages before we learn that the author

* 1850 and 1852, post 8vo.

was born at Southgate, Middlesex, on the 19th Oct. 1784, and we do not learn, if memory serve us, anywhere in the whole volume that his name was, as we believe it was, James Henry Leigh Hunt. However, having arrived thus far, and having gathered from the earlier pages that his father was Isaac Hunt, son of a rector of St. Michael's, in Bridge Town, Barbadoes, that his mother was Mary, daughter of Stephen Shewell, a merchant of Philadelphia, whither Isaac had been sent to College, and where he had "obtained some repute as an advocate," and that his parents had been forced to take refuge in England from the fury which their espousal of the royal cause had excited against them, we feel better prepared to follow him. His father, after arriving in England, relinquished law for divinity, became a celebrated reader and preacher, "wrote more titles of non-existing books than Rabelais," and resembling Henry Fielding in so far as it might be said of him, that "give him his leg of mutton and bottle of wine, and in the very thick of calamity he would be happy for the time being," as a natural consequence, "grew deeply acquainted with arrests" and poverty, to which circumstance Christ Hospital owes it that she may reckon Leigh Hunt amongst her many distinguished sons: for to Christ Hospital he went in 1792. Of his intemperance he gives the following account: "Our dress was of the coarsest and quaintest kind, but it was respected out of doors, and is so. It consisted of a blue druggut gown or body, with ample skirts to it, a yellow vest underneath in winter time, small clothes of Russia duck, worsted yellow stockings, a leathern girdle, and a little black worsted cap, usually carried in the hand." He might have added, bands à l'éclésiastique, and shoes, such as no other Christians could by any possibility hobble in; but Christ Hospitalers manage it somehow. Great, indeed, must be the force of genius to extricate itself from such impediments. Can any poetry come out of yellow stockings? Coleridge and Leigh Hunt will give the answer. Perhaps the greatest objection to this outlandish costume, which a mistaken conservatism insists upon perpetuating, is, that it subjects many a sensitive lad to all manner of well-meant impertinence; men—and sometimes women, which is not so disagreeable—accost an Hospitaler as though his garments gave every one a share in him, and as if they had a right to know all about him. "Ah! my little lad," said an old gentleman one day to a young friend of ours, a Christ-Hospitaler, "and what might your name be?" "Well, sir," answered he, with a twinkle in his eye, "it might be Beelzebub, but it isn't." But all boys are not so ready; and to the unready it is vastly annoying. Christ Hospital (for so our author bids us write it) in Leigh Hunt's day was a very different institution from that which now sends out so many good scholars; it has scarcely anything except the dress remaining of the old régime; and the sooner the dress is dropped the better: many a man has cursed it in after life, whilst remembering with gratitude and affection the noble foundation where he wore it; it has produced in some an irrepressible shyness, in others an involuntary impudence, the result of many years' exposure to starers, and once or twice it has led to a very pretty quarrel. A young man who starts in life with so tender a point as a reminiscence of yellow stockings fights a mocking world at great disadvantage. No Boyers are found there now-a-days; the memory of many who have there been nurtured recurs to a kindly face, where benevolence was ever written; to a head upon

which the hair was white—with philanthropic toil—before its time; to a smile which was more reward to them than hosts of coveted prizes; to a man who was dearer far to them than many a blood-relation. He was every Grecian's friend, and every Grecian loved him; and should these lines meet the eye of any one of them, he will say, "It was dear old Rice." At fifteen Leigh Hunt left school and petticoats, for he did not arrive at the dignity of Grecian; stammering, he says, was the objection urged against him, and tradition also bears him out. He had little to regret, however, on that account; for men of his stamp seldom succeed at the University. In 1802 his first poetical attempts, under the title "Juvenilia," were published; and much success attended them. He describes himself as having been as proud of them at the time as he was afterwards ashamed; yet there was little cause to be ashamed of that which first piqued Byron into wooing the Muse. From this period to the conclusion of his life at an age beyond that which the Psalmist assigns to mortal men, it would be wearisome to follow his various fortunes; for perhaps the only incidents in the existence of Leigh Hunt which are really of public interest are the editorship of the *Examiner*, and that fertile source of envy, hatred, and malice on the part of his enemies as much as on his own—his connection with Lord Byron and the *Liberal*. With reference to the former, the following extract will be instructive to those who like to see that the world really progresses:

"It is necessary, on passing sentence for a libel, to read over again the words that composed it. This was the business of Lord Ellenborough, who baffled the attentive audience in a very ingenious manner by affecting every instant to hear a noise, and calling upon the officers of the court to prevent it. Mr. Garrow, the attorney-general (who had succeeded Sir Vicary Gibbs at a very cruel moment, for the indictment had been brought by that irritable person, and was the first against us which took effect), behaved to us with a politeness that was considered extraordinary. Not so Mr. Justice Grose, who delivered the sentence. To be didactic and old womanish seemed to belong to his nature; but to lecture us on pandering to the public appetite for scandal was what we could not so easily bear. My brother, as I had been the writer, expected me, perhaps, to be the spokesman; and speak I certainly should have done, had I not been prevented by the dread of that hesitation in my speech to which I had been subject when a boy, and the fear of which (perhaps, idly, for I hesitated at that time least among strangers, and very rarely do so at all) has been the main cause why I have appeared and acted in public less than any other public man. There is reason to think that Lord Ellenborough was still less easy than ourselves. He knew that we were acquainted with his visits to Carlton House and Brighton (sympathies not eminently decent in a judge), and with the good things which he had obtained for his kinsman; and we could not help preferring our feelings at the moment to those which induced him to keep his eyes fixed on his papers, which he did almost the whole time of our being in court, never turning them once to the place on which we stood. There were divers other points too, on which he had some reason to fear that we might choose to return the lecture of the bench. He did not even look at us when he asked, in the course of his duty, whether it was our wish to make any remarks. I answered, that we did not wish to make any there; and Mr. Justice Grose proceeded to pass sentence. At the sound of two years' imprisonment in separate galls, my brother and myself instinctively pressed each other's arm. It was a heavy blow; but the pressure that acknowledged it encouraged the resolution to bear it; and I do not believe that either of us interchanged a word

afterwards on the subject. We knew that we had the respect of each other, and that we stood together in the hearts of the people.

"Just before our being brought up for judgment, the friendly circumstance took place on the part of Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, to which allusion has been made in the eleventh chapter, and which I forgot to supply in the first edition to this work. It was an offer made us to give Whig sanction, and therefore certain and immediate influence, to the announcement of a manuscript for publication, connected with some important state and court secrets, and well known and dreaded by the Regent, under the appellation of *The Book*. I forget whether Mr. Perry spoke of its appearance, or of its announcement only; but the offer was made for the express purpose of saving us from going to prison. We heartily thanked the kind man; but knowing that what it is very proper sometimes, and handsome for persons to offer, it may not be equally so for other persons to accept, and not liking to owe our deliverance to a threat or a *ruse de guerre*, we were 'romantic,' and declined the favour."

The history of his imprisonment is sufficiently interesting, and written with more grace and humour than many parts of the autobiography. The chapters also which relate to Keats, to Shelley, to Coleridge, and to Charles Lamb, are full of matter which one likes to read; but the voyage to Italy we think rather poor,—it is marvellously spun out, as, indeed, is the case with the greater part of the book, and not liberally stocked with moving incident. Of course, if there are no incidents, a man cannot relate any; but he might at any rate abstain from telling us all the common-places which "The Captain" uttered. Chapters 18 and 19 are devoted to Byron, Thomas Moore, and Shelley, and will of course be diligently read. Those who remember a famous article in *Blackwood* some years ago, and some verses of Moore about a dead lion, will, if they have not already perused the account in the previous editions, be surprised, perhaps, that no reference is here made to either, and will learn a lesson when they see how coolly a man can talk of those against whom his feelings have been embittered, when years have brought wisdom and removed prejudice. For ourselves, we can but express our regret that if he erred, as he himself seems to acknowledge, in what he wrote of the noble poet in his "Recollections of Lord Byron," he should have had no better excuse to offer than a comparison of his case with Alamanni's. The fate of Shelley and his subsequent obsequies are matters full of painful interest; a note supplied by the author's eldest son conjecturally explains the shipwreck in a novel and distressing manner; his yacht, it is reported, "went out to sea in rough weather, and yet was followed by a native boat. When Shelley's yacht was raised, a large hole was found stove in the stern. Shelley had on board a sum of money in dollars; and the supposition is that the men in the other boat had tried to board Shelley's piratically, but had desisted, because the collision caused the English boat to sink; and they abandoned it because the men saved would have become their accusers. The only facts in support of this conjectural story are the alleged following of the native boat, and the damage to the stern of Shelley's boat, otherwise not very accountable." The following is the description of Shelley's obsequies:

"The remains of Shelley and Mr. Williams were burnt after the good ancient fashion, and gathered into coffers [those of Williams on the 15th of August, of Shelley on the 16th]. Those of Mr. Williams were subsequently taken to England. Shelley's were interred at Rome, in the Protestant burial-ground, the place which he had

so touchingly described in recording its reception of Keats. The ceremony of the burning was alike beautiful and distressing. Trelawny, who had been the chief person concerned in ascertaining the fate of his friends, completed his kindness by taking the most active part on this last mournful occasion. He and his friend Captain Shenley were first upon the ground, attended by proper assistants. Lord Byron and myself arrived shortly afterwards. His Lordship got out of his carriage, but wandered away from the spectacle, and did not see it. I remained inside the carriage, now looking on, now drawing back with feelings that were not to be witnessed.

"None of the mourners, however, refused themselves the little comfort of supposing that lovers of books and antiquity, like Shelley and his companion, Shelley in particular with his Greek enthusiasm, would not have been sorry to foresee this part of their fate. The mortal part of him, too, was saved from corruption; not the least extraordinary part of his history. Among the materials for burning, as many of the gracefuller and more classical articles as could be procured—frankincense, wine, &c.—were not forgotten; and to these Keats's volume was added. The beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was extraordinary. The weather was beautifully fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and lucid, kissed the shore as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and blue sky were intensely contrasted with one another; marble mountains touched the air with coolness; and the flame of the fire bore away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty. It seemed as though it contained the glassy essence of vitality. You might have expected a seraphic countenance to look out of it, turning once more before it departed, to thank the friends that had done their duty.

"Yet, see how extremes can appear to meet, even on occasions the most overwhelming; nay, even by reason of them; for as cold can perform the effect of fire, and burn us, so can despair put on the monstrous aspect of mirth. On returning from one of our visits to the sea-shore, we dined and drank: I mean Lord Byron and myself;—dined little, and drank too much. Lord Byron had not shone that day, even in his cups, which usually brought out his best qualities. As to myself, I had bordered upon emotions which I have never suffered myself to indulge, and which, foolishly as well as impatiently, render calamity, as somebody termed it, 'an affront, and not a misfortune.' The barouche drove rapidly through the forest of Pisa. We sang, we laughed, we shouted. I even felt a gaiety the more shocking, because it was real and a relief. What the coachman thought of us, God knows; but he helped to make up a ghastly trio. He was a good-tempered fellow, and an affectionate husband and father; yet he had the reputation of having offered his master to kill a man. I wish to have no such waking dream again. It was worthy of a German ballad."

The "drinking too much" is sadly suggestive of an ignorant Irishman's "wake," and unworthy of him who has been called "the friend of the human race." The rest of the book contains nothing of much moment; the descriptions of places which nearly every one in this day has seen, are hardly worthy of the literary reputation of the author. We were disappointed to find his parting from Lord Byron coldly announced by the brief remark that "Lord Byron left Italy for Greece, and our conversation was at an end." More detail upon this point was to be expected, and would have been welcome; and less detail upon other points would easily have been pardoned. The rest of the book we find just a little tiresome; it is relieved by a few stories not in the highest vein of humour, by a laudation of Mazzini which few will indorse, by a sort of friendly attack upon Mr. Carlyle, which Mr. Carlyle will bear with equanimity, for it is eminently

good-humoured and full of admiration for the greatness and genuine-heartedness of the man whom he attacks; by a few specimens of the epigrammatic wit of "dear Egerton Webbe," by a graceful tribute to the service rendered him by many literary friends, by a *naïve* profession of his religious faith, and by a little outpouring of spleen upon an impertinent converted Jew.

On the 28th August, 1859, Leigh Hunt "sank quietly to rest," and this new edition of his autobiography comes forth to challenge, as it were, his survivors to proclaim their opinion of the writer. A great man we cannot call him, a *kind* man he must have been; and whilst greatness produces more outward mourning, kindness commands more real regret. His unorthodox views of religion arose from this very excess of good will; so kindly a being conceived no crime of greater enormity than a peccadillo; his sensitive nature recoiled from the spectacle of any kind of suffering; epicureanism, not in its worst sense, was his prevailing characteristic; with him the Supreme Being becomes an approximation to "le bon Dieu" of the French novels; he had no conception, apparently, of the Jealous God, of the God to whom vengeance belongeth. As were his notions of matters holy, so were they of things profane; he would have had "none too rich and none too poor," every one with 500*l.* a year during life and a mansion in heaven after it. It is impossible not to honour such sentiments when expressed so cleverly and so gracefully as Leigh Hunt could express them; but the man who holds them runs very great risk of being charged with weakness. Indeed, it is plain he wanted force of character; his "uncertainty of purpose" was ruin to him; his continued harping upon his personal timidity—whether that timidity were real or imaginary—was hardly worthy of a man of his intellect; his early training would have excused any amount of it. A man of great genius he assuredly was, though not of the highest order; his "translations" and his "articles" are his best productions, whilst the popularity of his other manifold writings is no mean proof of their merit. As a critic he has the commendation of Macaulay; as a poet the praise of competent judges; as a finished prose writer, the *Tatler*, the *Reflector*, and the *Indicator*, are enough to vindicate his fame. So long, indeed, as versatility and wit, play of fancy and command of language, depth of learning and elegance of expression, boundless charity and goodwill towards men are made of any account, memory will cling to the name of Leigh Hunt.

CHURCH AND THEATRES.

WE feel it our duty to protest, and that in the strongest manner possible, against that strange mixture of things sacred and profane which seems rapidly becoming one of the features of the age. There is, or ought to be, an essential distinction between Church and Theatre, between farce and sermon, ballet and anthem, melodrama and liturgy. They have their appropriate times and places. The "dim religious light" of the cathedral, streaming down from its pictured windows over the tombs of martyrs and bishops, has its own grand and solemn beauty, and is allied with the loftiest association. Seen by itself, it lights up a similar poetic illumination in the mind capable of receiving it. It presents religion to the æsthetic faculties from a point of view sensuous though not sensual; it brings the mind and the soul into harmony, and aids the wor-

shipper in offering a tribute of adoration to the Great Spirit of all beauty as well as of all truth.

If we quarrel with some of our friends, who, as they tell us, endeavour to reduce this principle to practice, it is not on account of the object they propose, but of their utter incompetency to carry it out. We dislike their bare bald music, if music it may be called; their tinselled candlesticks of lacquered ware, variegated with sky-blue and vermilion; their many coloured copes and embroidered crosses; their hangings of incongruous hues; their petty processions, and all the affectation of a worship which will not submit to the simplicity of England, and dares not adopt the gorgeous splendour of Rome. We object to these things as matters of art, because they are poor, paltry, and second-hand; but we are far from saying that the noblest production of man's genius, whether in painting, poetry, music, sculpture, and architecture, may not be fitly employed in rearing and decorating the temples, and in celebrating the worship of Him, who endowed man with gifts so divine.

Thus much we say, because we wish in the beginning of our argument, to avoid the objection that we are hostile to art. If night by night a number of theatres, presenting the public with fair but ordinary acting, with respectable but commonplace dramas, were open free of charge to all who chose to attend, there can be no doubt that the public would very thankfully embrace the opportunities of rational amusement thus offered them; in fact, the only difficulty would be, how to prevent their being uncomfortably crowded. We need not inquire what would be the result of opening the churches with respectable but common-place preachers, and equal freedom of access, for the experiment is tried every night of the week in various parts of our great metropolis, and the consequences are on the whole far from encouraging. It would seem from this, that the majority of mankind prefer, rightly or wrongly, and we are by no means inclined to defend their decision, the theatre to the church, the overture to the prayers, and the play to the sermon. To remedy a state of things so undesirable, there have ever been among Churchmen and Dissenters, though principally the latter, persons who have endeavoured to enliven their pulpit administrations by a large admixture of the elements of farce. From the venerable Latimer down to the equally venerable Rowland Hill, the chain has been unbroken, and a goodly jest-book might be compiled, a rare farrago of curious conceits, quaint anecdotes, politics not always loyal, and allusions not always delicate, be culled from the writings of men at whose very names our minds are taught to bow down in reverence. This style of preaching had its charms; it was often a mixture of "screaming farce" and arousing homily, and the more the farce prevailed over the homily, the greater was the admiration excited.

But this device is now worn threadbare; we have comic religious tracts, comic hymn-books, and, except for the absence of genuine wit and the presence of unmistakable profanity, it would be difficult to distinguish some of the productions in question from the pages of *Punch*. Those who lead this advanced guard have, therefore, taken another step. After all had been done that could be done to make the church like to the theatre, the worshippers are now taken bodily over to the theatre itself. It is possible to go on Saturday night and hear at the Victoria Theatre a play, of which, as we are informed by the bills, the interest is of the most

romantic and harrowing description—in which castles, chancel-houses, daggers, trap-doors, and bowls of poison, terrific discharges of artillery, magnificent broadsword combats, awful tempests, and tremendous shipwrecks, alternately appal the senses and agitate the sympathies—and on Sunday evening, from the same box, listen to a discourse, in which the saving truths of religion are, as our modern theology understands them, taught with a less or greater amount of zeal and power. Now we would ask any person accustomed to consider the doctrine of associations, whether those which are called forth in the present case are likely to be profitable or otherwise?

We have already spoken of the poetry of the church; we will not deny that the theatre has its poetry likewise. We do not speak of its glittering scenery, of its many coloured fires, its fairy dances, and its orchestral accompaniments, but rather of those things which it may be worth the while of a thoughtful man to study. To read Shakspeare's histories in the light held out to us by Charles Kean—to dive with him into the depths of such a character as that of Louis XI.—to witness in Phelps the only living representation of a great but peculiar school—these are objects for which wise and good men will be found within the walls of a theatre, delighted students at once of art and nature, and glad to recognise genius coming before them in so attractive a form. But these very things are in the highest degree unlawful in the eyes of those divines who are now turning our play-houses into conventicles. Each and all engaged in this incongruous work would be ready to lay down, as one of the most unmistakable marks of the beast, the presence of any man or woman in a theatre to witness a dramatic exhibition. Chess is doubtful, cards are proscribed, concerts suspicious, races "anathema," balls rather worse, and the theatre indicates a depth of worldliness from which it is almost impossible to rise. The Scotch Presbyterians call cards the devil's picture-books, and the theatre his dwelling-place,—that is here on earth; and we have never imagined any great difference to exist between this view and that entertained by the Evangelical body in England. It is true that Cowper himself, most rigid in his theology, as well as the most ascetic in his practice, admitted freely in one of his finest poems his delight in the drama; but he stood almost alone among his co-sectarians in this opinion, and we cannot help thinking that the proceeding now adopted is one of the most monstrous inconsistencies which the present inconsistent age has exhibited.

Were the theatre wholly taken out of the hands of playgoers and play-actors, and applied entirely to religious purposes, or were it made half school and half chapel, or even were there a little sprinkling of science and philosophy in the shape of lectures permitted, the present would be an intelligible system. We could understand pæans of triumph being sung on such an occasion. It would be a great victory over the enemy,—an absolute taking by force of one of the corner fortresses of the quadrilateral; but nothing of this kind seems to be contemplated. Farce, melodrama, and ballet are to have their full swing all the week, and on Sunday we are to have a devout congregation listening to a severe denunciation of the world, its pomps, its pleasures, and its vanities. If inconsistency can be carried further than this, we confess we know not where to look for it. But again we are, some say, at the commencement, others say in the midst, of what a large class of divines term a "revival"; we are to expect screams and groans, as frequent interruptions of our ser-

vices. We may look for all the phenomena of a camp-meeting, as exhibited in America, and all that has been so vividly portrayed by Archdeacon Stopford, as taking place in Ireland at the present moment. The very ministers, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, now preaching in the theatres, are, we believe—we hope we do them no wrong—using all their efforts to get up a similar movement in England. Are these gentlemen willing that the same pit and boxes should on alternate nights be resounding with shouts of laughter at a most mirth-provoking farce, and with cries of agony from a soul seeking a Saviour? If they are, we have nothing further to say, save that we totally repudiate both their wish and the mode they take of obtaining it. We presume the next step will be a still closer amalgamation of the dramatic and the theological; those who are willing to do what has already been done might almost as well announce a sermon to be pronounced on the tight-rope amidst showers of crimson fire,—or, interspersed amidst the various portions of worship, comic songs, or *pas de Cachuca*. There is no necessity for the step; the demeanour of the crowds who have hitherto attended the theatres to hear divine service proves clearly enough that they consider themselves in the playhouse and not in the church,—and they have a good right so to do. Occasional services, as they are called, are more than proper; they have become a necessity. St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and all the larger churches of the metropolis and its vicinity ought to be used for such purposes. We have our doubts about Exeter Hall, although we would give the benefit of those doubts to those who would wish to use it and other similar buildings for sacred purposes. But as to the theatres, they are neither adapted to the purpose, nor can their employment for it, in our judgment, be productive of any benefit. We trust before long that the Bishop of London will withdraw his permission, if, indeed, he have given it, for his clergy to take part in any such proceedings; as for the Dissenters, who have no bishops, we can only hope good sense and reverent feeling will before long reassume the empire over their minds.

MISS NIGHTINGALE ON NURSING.

Notes on Nursing; what it is, and what it is not.

By Florence Nightingale. (Harrison.)

No one living is so well qualified as Miss Nightingale to speak on the subject of nursing. At the earliest possible doing-age it was her delight to nurse the sick servants in her father's house; and when comparatively quite a young girl, she had the sole charge for two months of a hospital-ward somewhere, we believe, in Bavaria. Afterwards, she devoted much time and skill to the inmates of the Home for Sick Gentlewomen in Harley-street; and thus her whole life was, in a manner, a preparation for the one great act which, in her mature womanhood, assumed the dignity of a profession, and the sacredness of a vocation. When she went to the Crimea, she did not go simply as an amateur. She had long learnt and practised the duties of her profession; the only thing new in them now being that she had to deal with gunshot wounds and fierce military diseases, instead of the more quiet civilian ailments, always less abrupt, less passionate, less startling, than those of a military hospital. It was the familiarity with the details and routine of well-managed hospital nursing that made Miss Nightingale so invaluable in the neglected sick sheds of Scutari, and by the bedside of the wounded soldier.

Nothing shocked her; nothing came upon her as if unforeseen and unexpected; she was prepared for every emergency, and never lost her nerve or self-possession. To the tender thoughtfulness and womanly care of the practised nurse she added a power of organisation rare in men, still more rare in women—most rare of all, when united with such a marked executive faculty as she possesses. To all, therefore, that she has to say on the subject of nursing, we owe a dutiful and respectful consideration, remembering that we have to deal with a group of qualities almost unique; for who else is there with the scientific knowledge of a man, the loving sympathies of a woman, and the authoritative teaching of long practical experience combined?

Fresh air, light, warmth, cleanliness, quiet, and regularity are Miss Nightingale's shibboleth of nursing; but none, save those who have passed much of their time in sick-rooms, know how difficult it is to procure any one of these essentials: with the exception, indeed, of warmth. And here there is usually a large surplusage, as there is deficiency in everything else. Fresh air, and soap and water, are the mightiest of the many bugbears to an ordinary nurse. What manifold perils lurk in the oxygen of the unused outside air, what hidden dangers surround every soap-bubble, and penetrate every globule of wholesome water, are known only to that ordinary nurse, or to certain elderly patients of the olden school, nurses themselves, perhaps, in their time, greedy of carbonic gas, and with unshaken faith in the sanitary powers of uncleanness. Try to put a window open in cases of small-pox, typhus fever, consumption, or childbirth,—there is not one person out of a hundred who will not cry shame upon your cruelty; who will not say you are killing the patient, and it is little less than murder; and who, worst of all, will not close the window, and heap up fresh coals in the stifling grate, the instant your back is turned. That determined enmity to fresh air, an unalterable attachment to huge fires, "cheerful conversation" with any number of chattering steaming friends, with the free use of as many improper luxuries as they can get, make up the sum of what the poor call "good" nursing; and, as the mass of hospital nurses come from the ranks of those very poor, and have been bred up all their lives to consider this kind of thing the best thing of all, we can scarcely wonder at the hideous follies that go on even in well-regulated wards, and with the light of science blazing full through the windows. But Miss Nightingale does not speak only of the poor, nor of the hospitals; her exhortations and rebukes are addressed as directly to the highest mansions as to the meanest hovels, and the mistakes which she has found existing in the practice of nursing are as prominent and fatal among the highest as the lowest. There is a pretty severe lesson in the following extract; but a true one, as we, now writing, can testify by our own private experience:

"I have known cases of hospital pyæmia quite as severe in handsome private houses as in any of the worst hospitals, and from the same cause, viz., foul air. Yet nobody learnt the lesson. Nobody learnt anything at all from it. They went on thinking—thinking that the sufferer had scratched his thumb, or that it was singular that 'all the servants' had 'whitlows,' or that something was 'much about this year; there is always sickness in our house.' This is a favourite mode of thought—leading not to inquire what is the uniform cause of these general 'whitlows,' but to stifle all inquiry. In what sense is 'sickness' being 'always there,' a justification of its being 'there' at all?"

"I will tell you what was the cause of this hos-

pital pyæmia being in that large private house. It was that the sewer air from an ill-placed sink was carefully conducted into all the rooms by sedulously opening all the doors, and closing all the passage windows. It was that the slops were emptied into the foot pans;—it was that the utensils were never properly rinsed;—in was that the chamber crockery was rinsed with dirty water;—it was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed. It was that the carpets and curtains were always musty;—it was that the furniture was always dusty; it was that the papered walls were saturated with dirt;—it was that the floors were never cleaned; it was that the uninhabited rooms were never sunned, or cleaned, or aired;—it was that the cupboards were always reservoirs of foul air;—it was that the windows were always tight shut up at night;—it was that no window was ever systematically opened, even in the day, or that the right window was not opened. A person gasping for air might open a window for himself. But the servants were not taught to open the windows, to shut the doors; or they opened the windows upon a dank well between high walls, not upon the airier court; or they opened the room doors into the unaired halls and passages, by way of airing the rooms. Now all this is not fancy, but fact. In that handsome house I have known in one summer three cases of hospital pyæmia, one of phlebitis, two of consumptive cough: all the immediate products of foul air. When, in temperate climates a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, it is a certain sign of something wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson. Yes, God always justifies His ways. He is teaching while you are not learning. This poor body loses his finger, that one loses his life. And all from the most easily preventable causes."

A foot-note to this passage must strike every master or mistress of a house, who has ever had occasion to enter or pass near to that strange mystery of abomination, a servant's bedroom:

"I must say a word about servants' bed-rooms. From the way they are built, but oftener from the way they are kept, and from no intelligent inspection whatever being exercised over them, they are almost invariably dens of foul air, and the 'servants' health' suffers in an 'unaccountable' (?) way, even in the country. For I am by no means speaking only of London houses, where too often servants are put to live under the ground and over the roof. But in a country 'mansion' which was really a 'mansion' (not after the fashion of advertisements), I have known three maids who slept in the same room ill of scarlet fever. 'How catching it is,' was of course the remark. One look at the room, one smell of the room, was quite enough. It was no longer 'unaccountable.' The room was not a small one; it was up stairs, and it had two large windows—but nearly every one of the neglects enumerated above was there."

What Miss Nightingale says of diseases not being absolutely necessary conditions of the body,—as, for instance, small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, or the like, which she maintains are not physical phases through which the young must inevitably pass,—is all very good common sense, and very rational science. "For diseases, as all experience shows, are adjectives, not noun substantives," she says; "not separate entities which must exist, like cats and dogs," but simple conditions, and the results of previous and preventable conditions. If this idea could once be fairly rooted and grounded into the public mind, it would do more to check the spread of disease than any remedial measures known to the faculty. The very alpha and omega of health, the beginning and the end of all sanitary law, is wise and scientific prevention, not the remedy, though the most universal that can be discovered. And of all hygienic preventions, the best are the free and full ad-

mission into every nook and cranny of the house of the fresh, unadulterated, outside air; the dislodgement of dust; the abolition of all bad smells by the most scrupulous cleanliness and niceness of personal habits; simplicity and freshness in preference to luxury and sleepiness; the smallest possible amount of woollen; an unfashionable poverty in the matter of curtains and carpets; but head and chief of all—ventilation—fresh outside oxygen—abundance of unbreathed, unvitiated, wholesome atmospheric air. Air is more important even than food, and pure air will do much more towards neutralising the effects of improper diet, than proper diet can do in neutralising the effects of impure air.

In the directions for nursing we come upon passages full of wisdom, including a fierce onslaught on the present feminine madness for crinoline, which is of such unquestionable disadvantage in a sick room, but which is yet worn there, as well as in a lying-in room, where the "superior" kind of monthly nurse washes and dresses a little tender baby not an hour old on a superstructure of steel or whalebone. The section on "Noise," which contains this onslaught, is one of the most valuable in the work. The rules are so plain, concise, and distinct, that they can easily be remembered by any one with head enough to qualify her for a nurse at all. No whispering in the room, nor just outside the door; no sudden and no stealthy noises; no flapping of blinds nor creaking of windows; no rustling of silks, clinking of keys, creaking of shoes or stays, nor sweeping whirlwind of crinoline; no gesticulations when speaking to the invalid, no high-pitched voice, nor undue emphasis; no speaking from a distance nor from behind the door, nor where the patient has to turn to see you; all motion to be quick, light, and concise; no hurry and no drawing; no laziness and no fidgetiness; no reading aloud to yourself, nor giving the patient only bits and scraps of a book read silently; no sitting on his bed, or lounging on his chair; no irresolution and no tyrannical domination of your own ideas over his instinctive will: these are the chief recommendations in this admirable chapter, which should be learnt by heart by every one having charge of a sick person. Miss Nightingale is a cheerful nurse. She advocates cut flowers or growing plants in the sick room, and some pretty bright picture hung up opposite to the bed, and where the patient can see it without trouble; also she would have plenty of light, and let the "dear sun," as the Germans call it, look kindly through the sick vapours: she would have the patient so placed that he could look out of the window when he liked, and see the outside world in all its freshness and unconsciousness of his pain; and she would give them all gentle and unfatiguing employment, so soon as their hands could hold a needle, a book, or a tool. In the matter of food, she patronises tea and pooh-poohs jellies; looks on beef-tea rather as the means of keeping the very sick alive, than as a medium of real nutriment for the convalescent; classes cocoa contemptuously with chestnuts, and sends it out of the sick-room altogether; holds much by cream, milk, and butter; but on the whole declines to be dogmatical on any point, and leaves the dietary table to observation and individual cases instead of fixed rules. This law of freedom and personal choice she strengthens by some of the exceptional cases in her own experience:

"In the diseases produced by bad food, such as scorbutic dysentery and diarrhoea, the patient's stomach often craves for and digests things, some of which certainly would be laid down in no

dietary that ever was invented for the sick, and especially not for such sick. These are fruit, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of ham or of bacon, suet, cheese, butter, milk. These cases I have seen not by ones, nor by tens, but by hundreds. And the patient's stomach was right and the book was wrong. The articles craved for, in these cases, might have been principally arranged under the two heads of fat and vegetable acids.

"There is often a marked difference between men and women in this matter of sick feeding. Women's digestion is generally slower."

But above all things do not imagine that one-eighth of an ounce of gelatine dissolved in a pint of water, and called jelly is of the smallest use whatever,—beyond moistening the patient's mouth. (Miss Nightingale has overlooked this use, which, however, cold water might do as well, and in some cases better.)

Small beds are better than large ones; small beds placed free in the room, and not with one side pressed up against the wall, nor raised up high with mattresses, so that the patient feels himself "out of humanity's reach," and as if he were becoming "a sandwich between floor and ceiling." And two beds are better than one; so that all the clothes and bedding may be well-aired for twelve hours out of the twenty-four. But this is a piece of "ideal" nursing, which Miss Nightingale herself hardly expects to see realised. It would be a great gain if it ever could be made an ordinary luxury with the sick to have two beds, a night bed and a day-bed, with the perfect freshness of circumstances and bedding consequent on the arrangement. But these are dreams of an Utopian hospital, scarcely to be expected in these present days of so much an inch everywhere. "Chattering Hopes and Advices," are strongly but righteously denounced.

"To me these common-places, leaving their smear upon the cheerful, single-hearted, constant devotion to duty, which is so often seen in the decline of such sufferers, recall the slimy trail left by the snail on the sunny southern garden-wall, loaded with fruit." Tell him some bit of good news, talk to him of a happy love affair, of a successful work, a daring action; bring before him at least the reflection of the cheerfulness and activity that have gone out of his life, and let him feel by sympathy the joy he himself can never know again; forbear theoretical advice, and give the actual help of a brighter hour, a gayer image, and you will not then be guilty of the "Chattering Hopes and Advices," against which Miss Nightingale has launched the sharpest arrow in her quiver. And rightfully; for they are nuisances against which no sick-room can be guaranteed, so long as people without discretion—brain-cases without brains—go about at large, and inflict injuries on the sensible and sensitive portion of the community. Give the sick flowers, pet animals, even babies and young children, to amuse them; but keep them clear of fussy friends and theoretical reformers, if you value the chances of their recovery, or the calmness of their nerves, when hopelessly diseased. Had Miss Nightingale never written more than this chapter, she would have done much to exalt the nursing function into the profession of practical good sense which it ought to be; but no review which did not extract the whole work could do full justice to the value of her words. We must close our notice with the following extract, her own concluding note,—which contains about the most rational word of advice ever offered to women. No commentary could improve on it:

"NOTE.—I would earnestly ask my sisters to keep clear of both the jargons now current everywhere (for they are equally jargons); of the jar-

gon, namely, about the 'rights' of women, which urges women to do all that men do, including the medical and other professions, merely because men do it, and without regard to whether this is the best that women can do; and of the jargon which urges women to do nothing that men do, merely because they are women, and should be 'recalled to a sense of their duty as women,' and because 'this is women's work,' and 'that is men's,' and 'these are things which women should not do,' which is all assertion and nothing more. Surely woman should bring the best she has, whatever that is, to the work of God's world, without attending to either of these cries. For what are they, both of them, the one just as much as the other, but listening to 'what people will say,' to opinion, to the 'voices from without?' And as a wise man has said, no one has ever done anything great or useful by listening to the voices from without.

"You do not want the effect of your good things to be, 'How wonderful for a woman!' nor would you be deterred from good things, by hearing it said, 'Yes, but she ought not to have done this, because it is not suitable for a woman.' But you want to do the thing that is good, whether it 'suitable for a woman' or not.

"It does not make a thing good, that it is remarkable that a woman should have been able to do it. Neither does it make a thing bad, which would have been good had a man done it, that it has been done by a woman.

"Oh, leave these jargons, and go your way straight to God's work, in simplicity and singleness of heart."

NEW NOVELS.

The Cousins' Courtship. By John R. Wise. (Smith & Elder.)

CLEVER, full of talent, dash, and spirit, with a certain manly grasp in it inexpressibly refreshing in these days of flaccid femininity "in light literature," "The Cousins' Courtship" is better than nine-tenths of the novels which attain a circulating library success. It has the faults of a young writer—in its want of artistic finish, and the lack of careful construction of the story—in the fault of throwing all the force into isolated descriptions,—of drawing all the characters with unmistakable exaggeration; but apart from these small defects, which time, study, and habit will remedy, there is enough power and talent in the book for half-a-dozen ordinary novels. The author, too, is of the muscular school; not Kingsley's muscular Christianity, but the more unregenerate and mundane kind; valuing men for their broad backs and well-set shoulders, and regarding altitude and avoidpous weight as absolutely admirable, and as characteristics to be specially desired. Reginald Neville, the hero, is a fine fellow, physically and morally,—strong, healthy, full of fresh animal life, in no wise "model," and given to no kind of intellectual craze whatsoever. His ideal of life is manliness, a manliness that includes honour, truth, courage, independence, and probity as its essential characteristics; but he belongs to no "school," and is just a fine-hearted noble-spirited fellow, with clear bright eyes, and a grasp that makes the blood go right down to the heart. The only son of a father singularly like him, but with a "savage" element in him not perpetuated in Reginald, he is left an orphan when quite a boy, and thrown into the despotism of guardianship of his military uncle, Colonel Ancaster—the brother of his mother—who had always regarded his sister's marriage with the savage as a family degradation, and is not therefore disposed to hold his nephew in high favour. Suddenly transplanted from the love and freedom of home to the narrow pride and hard despotism of Merepool Abbey, the poor boy's life is a sad scene of neglect, coldness, and depression. But Mr. Wise does not attempt to philosophise herein; he paints no mental struggle, has nothing to do with introspection or subjectiveness, makes no impossible monster with intelligence disproportioned to his years, living

on himself and groaning out his woes in meta-physical soliloquies ten pages long. It is simply an objective picture that he paints; and it is all the more impressive because of the rarity in these days of any simple description, any clear unshaded outlines, in books. But Jacob came at last to the end of his servitude, and so does Reginald Neville. His father's nephew, Mr. Aston Neville, consents to his taking up his residence at Bushwood Hall, and here, in the society of dear motherly cousin Lucy (Mrs. Neville), and that most fascinating of all modern damsels, Minnie, he forgets the coldness of Merepool Abbey, and turns his back upon the heartlessness of Mr. Aston Neville. Now Mr. Aston Neville was a man after this wise:

"Mr. Aston Neville was a man somewhere between forty and fifty. I give this wide margin, because he was one of those whose ages you cannot tell, who look the same at twenty-five as at forty. Time on some men, as on the sea, writes no wrinkles on their brows. These men are not in general the generous and the kindhearted, as the reader might suppose, but the selfish and morose. A generous man soon becomes careless, but the brow of your selfish man is often as smooth and firm as marble. A selfish man is often good-looking. Put not your faith, reader, in handsome people,—they are only pleasant in novels,—but in real life avoid them. Aston Neville was a handsome man; that is to say, all his features were regular and well proportioned. Ladies would call him handsome, and that is at once sufficient testimony. But there was no expression on his countenance, and wherever that is the case, plain little reliance on that man: he is all outward appearance. I know there are all sorts of theories as to faces: some people put their trust in a mouth; Napoleon used to repose confidently in a nose; some ladies go even so far as a good pair of whiskers. But from a handsome man, without any expression on his face, you can tell nothing, and for that reason be very cautious of him. I like to read of handsome men in fashionable three-volume novels, with 'their finely chiselled lips,' and their 'pure Grecian noses,' and their 'ivory foreheads,' and their 'long black flowing hair,' to which Rowland's Macassar cannot add a charm, performing the noblest deeds with heroic resolution, and at the very sacrifice of disarranging their locks. It is very delightful; but in real life, handsome men are, as a rule, the meanest of the mean. A handsome woman is bad enough, but a handsome man is ten times worse. Nature, philosophers tell us, always adds some compensatory ill to every charm she bestows. The beautiful snake is venomous, the gorgeous peacock is dumb, or, worse, has a hideous voice; whilst the sweet nightingale is brown and ugly as a sparrow. Depend on it, the law of nature holds good with a handsome man, and that he always has some counterbalancing evil for his 'fine expressive eye,' and his 'delicately chiselled lips.' Again, reader, do we say, admire to your utmost handsome men, with gold watch-chains, and rings on their fingers, as many as the Banbury damsel herself wore, who speak divinely and wittily, as long as they are safely confined between the boards of a fashionable three-volume novel; but in the world, again we say, trust them not."

And his talk was talk in the manner of this:

"Aston Neville was a cautious man, who never dealt in opinions of his own; he might, when occasion suited, borrow them second-hand. But generally, when questioned, he guarded his phrases with an 'If'—('much virtue is there in your if,' even in these days),—or sheltered them under a 'perhaps,'—or avoided the question altogether, which is on the whole the safest plan,—or pulled his imperial,—or felt his long black whiskers, which were very handsome,—or rubbed his hands together, which were very white and delicate, and had beautiful nails,—or, finally, talked about the weather."

Mr. Aston Neville had views of his own concerning Minnie's marriage; she was to be made Lady Cokeborough, and exchange her youth and fortune for the empty title of a ruined nobleman. But Reginald and Minnie had made up their minds to quite another ending to the pretty little idyll which began by the seashore of Morley, and which the handsome gipsy woman, "who suddenly flushed up from the heather, like some black game," might have prophesied, had the boy and girl been a year or two older. And as Mrs. Neville favoured them, they carried on their bright, wholesome, natural love affair with perfect ease of conscience, and with the most contented assurance in the justice of the future. Their faith did not deceive them. After the due amount of suffering, the horizon clears; the death of dear Mrs. Neville and little charming Flo soften the hard man's heart, and, to preserve the last remnant of his once blooming and happy home, Mr. Neville consents to the marriage between Minnie and Reginald, and the curtain falls in the good old happy orthodox style.

The following extract will show Mr. Wise's powers of description:

"The time to see the old moor in its greatest beauty was about the middle of May, when for a little time the flowers of early and later spring were all there, to hold a festival. The sun would then shine out warm and bright, and the wind came blowing across acres of golden gorse, sweetened with

its perfume, and mixed, too, with the breath of the hawthorn. All round the gorse then twinkles for miles; and by its side, as if striving to overtop it, grows the little petty-whin with its yellow blossoms; and the great holly and 'holm' bushes stand out ever green, budding with their clusters of little white waxen flowers, whilst the 'knee-holm,' as the butcher's broom is there called, grows by their side beaded with crimson berries, and the 'black-heart' is flowering with its pink bells, and the fern is shooting up its long crozier-headed stems. Great belts of fern enclosed the oak-woods which then were budding into the tenderest green, breaking into shades of delicate amber and gold, in strange contrast to the deep dark green of the firs; and the 'rainers,' as the bark-peelers were called, were then busy, and here and there the felled oaks lay on the ground with their great naked white bones. And in the fir-woods the ground was brown with the shreds of the pine, and strewn with fir-apples, whilst the squirrel leaped out from its nest, and a sweet smell of gum-resin perfumed the everlasting twilight of the place; and then the sun would shine through, gilding the columns of the fir-trees half-way up, and making the spaces between them paved as it were with solid gold; and then in some glade would flutter the brown gipsy tents, looking like the covered tops of waggon wheels placed on the ground, with the blue smoke sailing up clear in the air, and the wild gipsy boys and girls racing up and down."

And the picture before the sad shipwreck which left Reginald an orphan is exceedingly artistic:

"It was already nearly the middle of spring; and the oaks in the 'bunny' were gilded with amber; Reginald had come home from school for his Easter holidays, which were now nearly over. Everything in the 'bunny' was bright with April; there are always then a number of flowers which come together, and go away together, and are constant friends. This April it was as it has been in all former Aprils. There was the leafless blackthorn in full flower along the hedges, and the bright marigolds flocking by the sides of streams, and the ladies'-smocks waving their silvery blossoms along the trenches, whilst the primroses had full possession of their favourite banks. These flowers are all ways faithful to one another, come what weather may; and to-day they were all bright and brilliant in the April sun. It was agreed to go out for a sail for the last time during young Reginald's holidays. The sea to-day was sparkling with colours, deep green emerald darkening into intense violets and purples, with here and there a black patch like an island, the shadow of some cloud above, and then again deepening into the purest azure, and then as it neared the cliffs melting into rich olives and browns, marking how the sands were torn up by the waves. The bay was studded with ketches and sloops dredging for cement stone; far out at sea was a large man-of-war stately sailing down channel."

In fact the whole book is full of beautiful passages, teeming with colour, sunshine and life; and giving evidence that with a little careful study, Mr. Wise may rank as one of the most successful and delightful of our best novelists: excepting, of course, the few who stand above all ordinary degrees of comparison.

Getting On; a Tale of Modern English Life. Two Vols. (London: James Hogg and Sons, 1860.)

This work would require a notice of considerable length, did it now make its first appearance as a candidate for public favour. It exhibits in many parts extraordinary talent, and in many others carelessness quite as extraordinary. The plot is in a high degree complicated, and gives rise to many scenes in which the author both requires and displays a large amount of dramatic and descriptive power. The hero is more than an improbability; he is an actual impossibility; and many of the other characters are distorted and overstrained. The best part of the work describes the rise and explosion of a bubble company; and throughout the whole of this narrative the author rises to the level of our very best writers. We regret that he should have wasted his powers in the attempt to make the hero work out a great moral and religious problem far beyond his reach. The result is that, without intending it, the author makes his hero mad, and gives him a mad-man's work to do. The book bears tokens of being a first attempt; and we may comfort the author, by assuring him that it has in it the making of a first-rate novel; only let him in future avoid such portraiture as that of the literary baronet, Sir Howard Leslie Howard Trevelyan. It goes far beyond the limits of literary license to invent a life and adventures for such a man as the original of this sketch.

Truth answers best. (London: Bentley, 1860.)

This is one of those charming little books which Mr. Bentley is sending forth to the world in drab coats and rich linings. The story is a semi-historical one; it gives the life and adventures, which may be true, for anything we know to the con-

trary, of Jean Hervagault, the tailor's son, who assumed the name and title of Louis XVII., and expiated his miserable imposture by a wretched life and a premature death. The clever adventurer is ably and beautifully contrasted by his high-minded and honourable foster-sister, who, being a daughter of the aristocracy, saved from destruction during the tumult of the Revolution by an old priest, and adopted by the benevolent tailor, is finally restored to her proper position in society. This imposture is punished, honourable conduct rewarded, and the motto worked out that 'Truth answers best.'

The Wood Rangers (from the French of Luis de Bellemare.) By Captain Mayne Reid. (Hurst and Blackett.)

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID has been too long a favourite and a successful writer not to claim indulgence for a chance failure. Of the present work—which is the failure under notice—we will only say that we grieve that he has consented to put his name to such a farrago of sentimental trash, or that he should tarnish his purer laurels with such very coarse "blue fire." The book, from beginning to end, is utterly unworthy of him, whether as author or compiler, and the sooner it is carted down with kindred rubbish to oblivion, the better it will be for the reputation of our old favourite, and for the future popularity of the present hero of every schoolboy in England.

Meg of Elibank, and other Tales. By the Author of the "Nut-brown Maids." Originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*. (John W. Parker and Son.)

WE have frequently had occasion to animadvert in rather severe terms on the want of vigour, life, and truth to nature so often displayed in the productions of modern novel-writers. We are overrun with novels which have nothing to recommend them but dreary, weak, and verbose descriptions of character, or stupid, flippant, and mawkish attempts at humour. Some writers, fondly believing themselves to be gifted with formidable powers of wit and satire, think it necessary to turn all persons and things into ridicule. These excellent and shallow-hearted persons cannot discriminate between things that are ridiculous and things that are not so; all things alike must suffer from their skathful pen.

It is pleasant, therefore, to meet with a writer like the author of the tales now before us, in which we find genuine sparkling humour, without the least approach to coarseness—descriptions of character fresh as nature—and a style of composition which is light and tripping without being feeble.

The following extract from "Squire Bolton's Transgression," will serve as a good example:

"Where, think you, Joan Littlepage resided? Not in any of the railed-in houses in the high street up which the Squire marched, nodding here and there; not in the close which survived the ruined cathedral, above which the new moon was rising; not in the vicarage, nor even in the doctor's dwelling; but in the back parlour of a little shop of hosiery, perfumes, gold and silver embroidery, and sundries, that was niched into an angle of the market-place. Don't suppose that Sylvia demeaned herself; Joan Littlepage had the entrance in the first houses of Market Northorpe, was the grand-daughter of an unfortunate gentleman whose fortune went in the South Sea affair; her pedigree was rather better than Sylvia Bolton's, and though she had fallen to be supported by the proceeds of the little shop kept by her grandmother—a fine old lady—her faithful servant Bell, and Joan herself (on market days), not a soul in Market Northorpe ventured to look down on Mistress Joan, no, nor to condescend to her. She went to the assize balls in her ancestral brocades and diamond snaps; she stood next the Honourable Miss Annesley on the race course. Mrs. Myres, the rich grocer's wife, felt herself highly honoured when Mistress Joan gossiped with her over the counter, so that she was at liberty to send Mrs. Littlepage, within the hour, the offering of a pound of her best green tea, or a bag of her largest chestnuts to spit in the sea-coal fire.

"Old Mrs. Littlepage was almost as rosy and hearty as the Squire; she had taken her poverty patiently, unaccompanied as it was by any diminution of the world's respect. She wore her scarlet gown, platted frills, and drawn-up hood while she served her customers, and was never disturbed by a sense of incongruity, or reminded painfully that she had seen better days. She could tell stories of the Bloody Circuit, and the poor maidens who cast their primroses and violets before Monmouth; and how the Princess Mary came back their queen, and was as humble and loving a wife as any village dame in all England.

"Mrs. Littlepage had her cherry-brandy for the Squire,

and her elder-flower wine and diet cake for Sylvia; and many a grumpy 'puss,' and 'chit,' and 'sweet,' for her equally with Joan. And she loved them both so dearly, and held laborious Bell in such close esteem, and was so well disposed towards the rest of the world, that it was a marvel that she had still a large corner in her heart, and a considerable portion of her garrulous tongue, for Peter the cat.

"Come away, Sylvie," she would say: 'give us your country news. Bless us! the girl's rosy cheeks will be the young sirs' death, one of these days. Whether it is to be young Armytage, or his cousin? You need not blush, Sylvie Bolton. Joan here stands long at the wall. Well, young Armytage's father stole a grass-green knot, and something else, the day I won the arrow in Hathaway Park. The times have grown tame. Bonny lasses are scarce, or bold lads not so willing as they were wont. Such a capering as we used to have. Is the spinach ready, Sylvie? Has your mother tried the sprig of rosemary on her pillow to keep away restlessness and ill dreams? Bell need not mind the shop when she has that ache in her back. I'll just turn the key in the lock; if anybody else comes, they can return in the morning. Hist, Peter, do you lift your tail at Sylvie? You are very particular! you did not caterwaul two hours last night with Sim Taylor's cat that wants a leg, taken up in the rabbit's trap. He is a cunning rogue, Peter; he is up in the buckle because he caught a mouse this week; he did, Sylvie, as near a rat as need be. Will you have a pinch, my dear? No? I believe it is Ned who tries his mother's box. But you should practise it, Sylvie; if taken with an air it is a pretty accomplishment; it clears the sight, and it is a privilege of people of degree. Become your degree, Miss, that is a safe rule."

Besides "Squire Bolton's Transgression," from which we take the above extract, there are five other tales, entitled respectively, "Meg of Elibank," "The Laird's Seam," "A Wooing and Wedding of 17—," "Lady Strathmore's Daughter," and "Hector Garret of Otter."

They all display an amount of excellence which we do not often meet with. The incidents, worked-out being in the least melodramatic, are worked-up with much force and power. In short, they are such as enable us heartily to recommend our readers to peruse for themselves, in full confidence that they will thoroughly enjoy them.

POETRY.

Baby May, and other Poems, on Infants. By W. C. Bennett. (Chapman and Hall.)

MR. BENNETT is well-known to our readers as one of the most popular of English poets. He is pre-eminently a song-writer, and his effusions are distinguished more by their quiet winning graces, their true feeling and tenderness, than by any ostentation of art.

"Baby May" is one of his very happiest efforts. Many of his poems on infants are full of gentle touching pathos, while others are bright and smiling as a sunbeam. We give the following as a specimen:

TO A LADY I KNOW, AGED ONE.

O SUNNY curls! O eyes of blue!
The hardest natures known,
Baby, would softly speak to you;
With strangely tender tone;
What marvel, Mary, if from such
Your sweetest, love, would call,
We love you, baby, O how much,
Most dear of all things small!

Unborn, how, more than all on earth,
Your mother yearn'd to meet
Your dream'd-of face; you, from your birth,
Most sweet of all things sweet!
Even now for your small hands' first press
Of her full happy breast,
How oft does she God's goodness bless,
And feel her heart too blest!

You came, a wonder to her eyes,
That doted on each grace,
Each charm that still with new surprise
She show'd us in your face:
Small beauties? ah, to her not small,
How plain to her blest mind!
Though, baby dear, I doubt if all,
All that she found, could find.

A year has gone, and, mother, say,
Through all that year's blest round,
In rest, has one sweet week or day
Not some new beauty found?
What moment has not fancied one,
Since first your eyes she met?
And, wife, I know you have not done
With finding fresh ones yet.

Nor I; for, baby, some new charm
Each coming hour supplies,
So sweet, we think change can but harm
Your sweetness in my eyes.
Till comes a newer, and we know
As that fresh charm we see,
In you, sweet Nature wills to show
How fair a babe can be.

Kind God, that gave this precious gift,
More clung-to every day,
To These our eyes we trembling lift—
Take not Thy gift away!

Looking on her, we start in dread,
We stay our shuddering breath,
And shrink to feel the terror said
In that one dark word—death.

O tender eyes! O beauty strange!
When childhood shall depart,
O that thou, babe, through every change,
May'st keep that infant heart!

O gracious God! O this make sure,
That, of no grace beguiled,
The woman be in soul as pure
As now she is a child!

What again can be more exquisite than the tenderness and pathos embodied in the poem, entitled "Baby's Shoes"! Although better known than many of the other poems, we cannot resist our inclination to give it a place in those columns:

BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use!

O the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet!

And O, since that baby slept,
So hush'd,—how the mother has kept
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face,
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start.

How many a mother's heart has been stirred by these lines, which appeal to some of the holiest feelings of our nature! "Baby May, and other Poems on Infants" is really in its way a little casket of jewels, full of love, and sweet sympathy for children,—the genuine outpourings of a manly and affectionate heart.

Echoes from the Harp of France. By Harriet M. Carey. (Saunders, Otley and Co.)

A FIRST inspection of this work induces a prejudice against it, for very many of the earlier pages are filled with the mutual compliments of author, editor, and a third personage in the shape of a French provincial reviewer; but a closer examination proves that poetry is not always absent from the verses, that this translated harp can yield harmony,—in short, the book is wondrously unequal. Take an example, André Chénier's expression "*Pourtant j'avais quelque chose là*" is thus translated, "I have something there." Can anything be balder? And yet the same writer has elaborated the following lyrical and poetic rendering from Victor Hugo:

"'Twas Christmas—and the bells that warned
To midnight mass had tolled;
And brightly did the hollid gems
Each Norman arch enfold!
The ivy hung rejoicingly,
Gladness in every spray;
The Church puts forth her shoots of hope
Amid the world's decay!

"'Twas Christmas, and the choral train
Had raised the angels' song;
Sweet notes of peace—goodwill to men,
Float o'er the listening throng!
Amid the joyous crowd stood one,
Upon that festive night,
The tear that gathered in her eye
Half hid the dazzling light!"

Whether French songs can be turned into English verse is very questionable; the difference in the geniuses of the two languages becomes only too apparent when their poetry is contrasted. No Frenchman has shown himself fitted to the task of reducing English verse into French: and the only English writer who has proved himself equal to translating French lyrics is Mr. Robert Brough; and we need hardly say his one or two adaptations of Béranger are not equal to the originals.

SHORT NOTICES.

Our Homeless Poor, and what we can do to help them. By the Author of "Helen Lindsay, or the Trial of Faith." (Nisbet.) Of all classes of literature, that which is at once the most monotonous and the least objectionable consists of publications intended to aid practical social reform. They issue from the press in great numbers, and are for the most part re-arrangements of printed intelligence; and yet it would be impossible to open them in any other than a friendly spirit. The present author tells us very little that we have not read before, and her practical theories are not too brilliant; yet her chapters, in common with those of other books of a similar nature, may be the means of much good. She states that the refuges for the poor are not sufficiently comfortable, and tells us that "want is a large forge, where chains are daily cast that bind souls to ruin and despair." She urges promiscuous charity, and condemns its opponents; she protests against the low rate of payment to needlewomen, and condemns the shameful sweating system. But, though all this energy is fit and praiseworthy, it yields no practical results. She urges the power and value of sympathy; its power and value have been urged before. She points out that there is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and submits that an association for the protection of over-worked house-servants should be organised, totally oblivious of the obstacles which stand in the way of such a proposal. The one practical scheme the authoress offers has already been carried out—the establishment of a registry for needlewomen who are willing to go out to day-work. How this project works we do not know, and are not told; but we have the knowledge that a refuge for women who have fallen as low as women can fall is not overburdened with the needlework which the inmates are required to do,—nor does the refuge contain a vast number of the degraded women it was built to receive. Still the idea of the registry is good—may its success be equal to the hopes of its founders! The authoress has much to say of the Field Lane Refuge. Amongst other matter, she tells the following tale:

"It was late at night; the boy was admitted; and, in the morning, on being told of the ragged school in connection with the building, promised to attend."

"He went punctually at the hour named. The lady in whose class he was placed had hardly addressed him, when the tones of his voice, his intelligent look, made her eye him with suspicion. In spite of rags, wretchedness, and famine, she detected something so superior in his address and manner to the group around him, that her curiosity was aroused, and she questioned him as to his history."

"With a crimson cheek and averted eye, a common tale he told of want and suffering. It was at once detected as a fabrication. Another and another more plausible were supplied; still the lady was not satisfied, but more and more the conviction gathered ground that some hidden story lay concealed, and that a mother was somewhere mourning for a lost child. Nothing, however, could she elicit from the boy; but, becoming deeply interested in him, she determined, until more light was thrown on the case, she would not lose sight of him. Accordingly, she became his protector, and a true friend she proved herself. She fed him, saw that he was lodged, and used every endeavour to win his confidence by kindness."

"Nor was her goodness lost on the ragged boy; he became willing, tractable, obedient, attached himself to her, showing by many gentle ways his sense of her kindness."

"Six long months she bore with him, teaching him lessons of Christian love, practically, experimentally. He became ill—she nursed him with maternal care. Well may it be said that 'continual dropping will wear away a stone.' At length her patience was rewarded, the pent-up torrent of pride and fear that had barred the boy's heart gave way under the sunshine of her unvaried love, and, sobbing out his thanks with true gratitude, the outcast lad poured into his benefactor's ear his tale of sorrow."

"All cannot be here narrated—suffice it to say, he was the eldest son of a clergyman, a man of wealth, living far away from London. Vicious and bad companions had at first lured the boy from his home, beguiling him into mischief and sin, then leaving him alone to meet their certain reward."

The narration of the meeting of the father and son is very touching. Doubtless this book will have a very large circulation.

The Widow Green and her Three Nieces. By Mrs. Ellis. (Partridge.) The authoress of the "Women of England" is one of the best intentioned ladies in the land, but unfortunately she is somewhat Utopian and infinitely didactic. The widow Green has three nieces, Mary, a very good girl,

for she has been brought up by the widow,—a model; Harriet, who "will not think;" and Jane, who is careless almost beyond redemption. These maidens go out to service, and to the little domestic scenes in which they take parts, the widow plays an admonitory chorus. Jane and Harriet neglect their aunt's advice and suffer infinitely; while even Mary is an example of sin, by ultimately taking one walk with a handsome young farmer instead of going to evening church. The danger the almost perfect Mary has nearly incurred is shown by James Ryan, the young farmer, getting intoxicated, and though the widow hopes he will take the pledge he does not. Ultimately Mary marries a right-minded young man, and the other nieces arrive at such good fortune as by their inferiority they deserve. It is questionable whether such books as "The Widow Green" do not do the cause they would serve more harm than good;—for they too frequently cast ridicule upon the honesty and virtue they would reverence. When Mrs. Ellis puts the following words into her widow's mouth, little objection can be taken:

"It strikes me the greatest fault most servants have in this way is, that they busy themselves about one thing, working, perhaps, very hard at that, and so do not think of any other. I knew a cook who never could think about the kitchen-fire, except when the meat was ready to be put down to roast. And yet what a number of things a really good cook must think about, almost at once—all the different kinds of meat and vegetables to be served up at the same time; all the sauces; all the flavourings;—and then all the plates and dishes to be kept hot. I am sure I have been astonished at some cooks I have seen; and the more so because I knew it was all done by thinking."

But when Mrs. Ellis says of one of the most ennobling passions conferred upon men and women—"Don't talk to me about falling in love; a modest prudent woman has no business with falling in love,"—she states that which we trust she knows to be an absurdity.

We leave it to the reader to pronounce on the following culmination:

"But when people found fault with her, especially if they were angry, or blamed her, then she thought things were going wrong with her."

"This was often the case with poor Jane, simply because she sought the favour of man more than the favour of God. In short she disliked blame more than she disliked doing wrong."

Lessons for the Young on the Six Days of Creation. By L. Gausson, D.D., Geneva. (Hamilton.) Even those divines and laymen who differ from Drs. Gausson and Merle d'Aubigné, have a kind word for those ministers, for they are gentle, temperate, and yet withal firm. Dr. Gausson's books have been well received in England, and still more so in Scotland—doubtless these lessons for the young will obtain an equal success. Dr. Gausson interprets the six days as denoting six periods. An extended review of this work is not possible—a quotation from its pages is surely admissible:

"What more beautiful image is there in all nature to designate mysterious creative power, than that of a bird, which remains twenty days in silence hatching its egg, until at last from that apparently lifeless egg you see coming to the light, full of life, grace, and beauty, the young peacock, the young swan, the young humming-bird, or the young nightingale, which is about to begin its existence and charm our eyes."

"It was thus, then, that, in the first day of the creation, the Holy Spirit moved on the waters. He brooded in silence, as on an egg, over that shapeless, desolate earth which, covered with darkness, was rushing through space, without glory, without life, without light; and there in his might He prepared all the grandeurs of the creation."

The Public Speaker, and How to Make One. By a Cambridge Man. (Nisbet.) This is a brilliant book, for it is plentifully enriched with Addisonian jewels; but having read it from the title-page to the last, we are compelled to admit that we do not know "how to make a public speaker," and it is just possible that the anonymousness of the Cambridge man will be a sufficient evidence that he has not discovered a royal road to oratory. The essence of the argument exhibited seems to be, that a man may become an orator if he chooses;—but this fact has certainly been known from the days of Cicero. The Cambridge man also recommends the practice of oratorical family reading of newspapers and books. It seems to us that the author, having determined to write a book entitled "The Public Speaker," has achieved it—*voilà, tout*. Whether a real Manual of

Oratory is wanted at all—if such a phenomenon could exist—is quite another question; an answer to which may be found in the Commons. Several members of the Lower House, who have little or no oratorical power, are listened to with an eagerness which could not be greater were a Pitt or a Burke to stand in the midst of the legislators. In these business days an appeal to the reason rather than to the passions is required, and oratory, except in the pulpit or on the stage, is but too frequently stigmatised with a term which is more easily comprehended than written.

Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines. (Longmans.) With January comes the third number of the new edition of this valuable work, concluding the article on Boring, and proceeding as far in the C's as Calomel. The articles bear evidence of great care, and contain a large amount of matter not in the original edition. Thus, under the head of "Brass," we have an account of a new method of producing that alloy in a malleable state, while "Bread" is illustrated with descriptions of the recent processes of Dr. Darglish, and the improved oven of M. Rolland. "Brewing" receives a careful notice, with diagrams of machinery; and "Bricks" are treated in a similar way. Among the C's we find "Cables," brought down to the history of the largest iron cable ever made,—that for the Leviathan or Great Eastern; and the paper on "Calico Printing" thoroughly revised. Thus it will be seen that the character of this important work is well sustained, and that the new edition bids fair to be—with due allowance for difference of dates—even better than the old one was at the time of its appearance.

The *Edinburgh Review* reached us late. The present number is more than usually instructive and entertaining; the article upon *Mortality in Trades and Professions* excites a melancholy interest. "We are convinced," says the writer, when he is speaking of the unhealthy influences of the baking trade, "the public cannot be aware that they eat their daily bread at the expense of the life-blood of the producers"; for on the authority of Dr. Guy, 31 in 100 bakers habitually spit blood. This is certainly very shocking to read, and we very much wish we could flatter ourselves that the article will incite capitalists of all descriptions to do what they can to counteract the deadly effects of those occupations which bring them wealth. It may be useful to those who suffer from loss of appetite to learn, on very competent authority, that absinthe and bitters bear no comparison as provocatives with the inexpensive and savoury effluvium enjoyed *gratis* by the nightman. Of course it must be a misprint, but it looks odd to read in so learned a *Review* as the *Edinburgh* of a toxicologist, by which name Professor Taylor is designated. Particularly worthy of attention also are the critiques upon *Rawlinson's Herodotus*, *Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan*, *Nowenirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier*; and the volume closes with an exceptional tribute to the memory of Lord Macaulay.

The Re-Burial, or the Grave in Galilee. By the Author of *Uriel*. (John Chapman.) This is a poem which we have received,—and read. The author will probably understand why we would rather not say anything more about it.

Parker's Church Calendar and General Almanack for 1860, and The Oxford Diocesan Calendar and Clergy List for 1860. (J. H. and J. Parker.) We can recommend very highly these very useful and comprehensive calendars.

We have also before us the second number of the *Manchester Review*, which contains some excellent articles. That on the "Rifle Movement" is especially noticeable. The leading idea, as well as the general arrangement of the paper, is very good. Its writers take a high tone; and if future numbers contain as much interesting matter, and exhibit as much ability, as that now before us, we have no doubt of its success.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS. — A meeting, consisting principally of private shipbuilders and the shipbuilding officers of her Majesty's dockyards, was held on Monday evening at the house of the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, for the purpose of establishing an Institution of Naval Architects. This institution has, it appears, been in course of formation for several months past, during which period it has obtained the support of many eminent persons. Sir John Pakington, while First Lord of the Admiralty, was one of the first to afford it the weight of his influence by accepting a vice-presidency; and with him are associated the Earl of Ellenborough, the Earl of Hardwicke, Sir Francis Baring, Sir James Graham, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord Clarence Paget, and Mr. H. T. L. Corry, all of whom have likewise accepted vice-presidencies. With these noblemen and gentlemen are also associated as vice-presidents several professional and scientific gentlemen, including Messrs. Watts and Lloyd, of the Surveyor of the Navy's Department of the Admiralty; Mr. Abethell, master shipwright of Portsmouth Dockyard;

Mr. John Laird, of Birkenhead; Mr. Scott Russell; the Rev. D. Woolley, and the Rev. Canon Moseley, the two latter gentlemen being the authors of valuable writings on the theory of naval architecture; and Mr. John Penn, the eminent marine engineer. The managing council of the institution consists exclusively of professional gentlemen, and comprises the master shipwrights of all her Majesty's dockyards and several of their assistants. Mr. J. D'Aguiar Samuda, ship-builder, of Millwall, has been nominated treasurer. With the council are connected Mr. Joseph Maudslay, the eminent marine engineer, and Mr. J. Macgregor, of the Temple; and to these names were last evening added those of Sir W. Armstrong, Captain E. P. Halsted, R.N., and Captains Sullivan and Walker, of the Board of Trade, who will be invited to become associates of the council. A resolution was unanimously adopted requesting his Grace the Duke of Northumberland to accept the office of president of the institution. Mr. E. J. Reed, the naval editor of the *Mechanic's Magazine*, and the author of a paper on the "Ships of the Royal Navy," read at the Society of Arts in December, 1858, who has acted as the organising honorary secretary of the institution, was unanimously elected secretary. The design of the new institution was thus explained to the meeting by the secretary:

"The objects of the Institution of Naval Architects are wholly comprised under three heads:—First, The bringing together of those results of experience which so many ship-builders, marine engineers, naval officers, yachtmen, and others are acquiring quite independent of each other in various parts of the country, and which, though almost valueless while unconnected, will doubtless tend much to improve our navies when brought together in the printed transactions of the institution. Secondly, The carrying out by the collective agency of the institution of such experimental and other inquiries as may be deemed essential to the promotion of the science and art of ship-building, but are of too great magnitude for private persons to undertake individually. Thirdly, The examination of new inventions, and the investigation of those professional questions which often arise and are left undecided, because no public body to which professional reference can be made now exists. The means by which it is proposed that the first of these objects shall be effected consists of the reading and discussion of papers at periodical meetings of the institution, the exhibition of drawings and models, the publication of reports of the proceedings of the institution, and the establishment of a professional library and museum. The means by which the second object is to be effected will, of necessity, vary with the nature of the inquiries to be instituted. The objects embraced under the third head will be carried out either by the council or by special committees appointed by it."

The council of the institution will meet again on Monday, January 30.

We understand that Mr. James Blackwood has the following works in preparation:—"Maria Graham, or the Old Home and the New," by Cecil Spenser; "Influence, or the Sisters," by Albion Locke; "Alive or Dead, a tale of St. Crispin's Parish," by Charles Howell.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.—On Monday evening a very numerous and influential meeting of the Institute was held to elect a President, in the place of the late Right Hon. Earl de Grey; Mr. George Godwin, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Tite, M.P., moved a resolution affirming that on the present occasion the president should be elected from amongst the Fellows of the Institute. Professor Donaldson moved an amendment to the effect that the Council should invite some distinguished nobleman to accept the office. Mr. Scott, A.R.A., Mr. Smirke, R.A., Mr. Pennethorne, Mr. Barry, Mr. Wyatt, and others spoke on the subject, and ultimately the motion and amendment were withdrawn, and Mr. Cockerell, R.A., was elected President.

MAILS TO AND FROM JERSEY AND GUERNSEY.—The auxiliary mails to and from Jersey and

Guernsey, by way of Weymouth, have ceased; and the mails forwarded *via* Southampton have been increased to four each week. The mails will be dispatched from London on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday; and will be received in London on the mornings of Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. By command of the Postmaster-General, Rowland Hill, *Secretary*.—General Post Office, Jan. 1860.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.—One of the pleasantest entertainments we have ever witnessed took place on Wednesday evening last in one of the large school-rooms of this institution. It is chiefly noticeable from the fact that, with the exception of a few persons who assisted in the part songs, the children were the only performers. Proceedings commenced with the delivery of a prologue by Mr. Roscully, the schoolmaster, written for the occasion by Mr. Carpenter. Prologues at the best are generally stiff and formal, and might be replaced with advantage by a few plain introductory remarks. The compliments addressed to persons present would appear more genuine if conveyed through the medium of a short, modest speech, than when doled out to them in the measured tones of a prologue, which (as they know well enough,) has been "cut and dried" several days at least previous to its delivery. On this occasion, however, the prologue, though not entirely free from stiffness, contained many happy allusions to Captain Coram, the founder, as well as to the present governors and officers of the institution, and was interspersed with quiet compliments to individual persons, which we doubt not were well merited. After the prologue the band, composed entirely of boys, performed at intervals the following pieces:—"Havelock's grand march," J. B. Owen; "Ah si pervi così lasciarmi," (duetto) Rossini; "Parlar spiegar non posso," (duetto) Rossini; "Dal tuo stellato soglio," (duetto) Rossini; Rec. and Aria, "The power of love," Balfe; concluding with the "Holiday Polka," by Mr. Jas. Twiddy, the conductor of the band. The following were the part-songs performed:—"The Hardy Norseman," Pearsall; "Departure," Mendelssohn; "Behold the woods," Mendelssohn; "Ye mariners of England," Callcott. The recitations were as follows:—"The Seasons," Dr. Brewer; "Spider Grim and Miss Fly," Dr. Wolcott; "The Cricket," Cowper; "What is time?" Anon; "Vat you please," Anon; "A curious law case," Dr. Brewer; "Scene from *Hamlet*," Shakespeare; "Hare and Tortoise," R. Lloyd; "Scene from *Hamlet*," Shakespeare; "Will Waddle," Colman; "An Arab's Address to his Steed," Hon. Mrs. Norton; "The Atheist and Acorn," Cowper; "Address to the Cuckoo," J. Logan; "Burial of Sir John Moore," Rev. C. Wolfe; "Daniel versus Dish-clout." The very difficult pieces selected for the band were performed with admirable correctness and precision, especially creditable to their conductor, when we see that the performers are in most cases not much bigger than their instruments. The part-songs, under the direction of Mr. Selby, the assistant-master, were also charmingly rendered, the children insisting on the repetition of "Behold the woods." But the recitations were the most amusing feature of the entertainment. The attempts of the young reciters to imitate old Polonius, and the ruffian in *King John*, created a deal of boisterous mirth among their schoolfellows, which reached a grand climax when Mrs. Dish-clout, personated by a small boy who was almost lost in a large bonnet, entered the room; there was then a clapping of little hands, a stamping of little feet, and altogether such an outburst of merriment as was most refreshing to witness. The careful manner in which the recitations generally were given, must have been highly gratifying to their head master. Not the least interesting portion of the entertainment were the "military evolutions" through which the boys were put by their drill master. A degree of intelligence was exhibited in the execution of difficult movements, and they were manoeuvred with a facility which would have been creditable in a regiment of the line.

The children of this institution have peculiar claims to sympathy. In their walk through life they are far more friendless and isolated than the orphan; and we think the entertainment which we witnessed last Wednesday evidence that the governors and officers fully appreciate their special wants. Twenty years ago such items as music, recitation, and drilling formed no part of their education; their life at school was nine years of dreary monotony. They now cultivate flower-gardens, music, &c. &c., and give entertainments. For this happy change we believe they are mainly indebted to their veteran secretary.

DEATH OF LORD LONDESBOROUGH.—We have to announce the demise of Lord Londesborough, who expired at half-past 2 A.M., on Sunday morning last, at the family residence in Carlton House-terrace. The deceased nobleman had for some months past been in declining health, and during the last ten days of his fatal illness all hopes of his recovery were given up by the eminent medical gentlemen in attendance on his Lordship. The deceased was the second surviving son of Henry first Marquis Conyngham, by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Joseph Denison, and was born on the 21st of October, 1805. He was twice married, first, 6th July, 1833, to the Hon. Henrietta Maria Forester, fourth daughter of the late Lord Forester, who died in April, 1841; and secondly, in 1847, to Miss Bridgeman, eldest daughter of Captain the Hon. Charles Orlando Bridgeman, which lady survives her husband. His Lordship leaves issue by both marriages. As Lord Albert Conyngham he served for a short period in the Royal Horse Guards, but then adopted the diplomatic service. In May, 1824, he was appointed *attaché* to the British Legation at Berlin, and in the following year removed to Vienna, where he remained until February, 1828, when he was made Secretary of Legation at Florence. In July, 1829, he proceeded to Berlin in the same capacity, and continued in that employment till June, 1831. He sat in the House of Commons for some years previous to his elevation to the House of Lords, having represented Canterbury from 1835 up to February, 1841, and again from March, 1847, to the early part of 1850, when he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Londesborough. In 1849 he assumed the name of "Denison," in lieu of that of Conyngham, in accordance with the will of his maternal uncle, Mr. William Joseph Denison, who bequeathed to him the bulk of his immense wealth. In politics Lord Londesborough was a staunch supporter of the Whig party. He was created by George IV., in 1829, a Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Order, and was a Deputy-Lieutenant of the West Riding of York. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society and several other learned institutions. He was indeed a great friend and patron of the arts and sciences, devoting his attention especially to archaeology; in his death science has lost a most liberal supporter, for in its behalf his purse was ever open; and it would be impossible to speak too highly of his general liberality. He is succeeded in his title and extensive landed property by his eldest son by his first marriage, the Hon. William Henry Forester Denison, M.P. for Scarborough. His Lordship, who was born the 19th of June, 1834, was returned at the general election in 1857 for Beverley, and at the late election was elected for Scarborough at the head of the poll. A vacancy occurs in the representation of that borough in the House of Commons by his succession to the title.

MEMORIAL TO LORD CLIVE.—On Wednesday, a statue to the memory of the first Lord Clive, Baron Plassey, the founder of the Indian empire, was inaugurated at Shrewsbury. Three years ago it was suggested that as Lord Clive was a native of Shropshire, a memorial should be erected to him in the county town; and it was finally resolved that a statue of Clive should be erected at Shrewsbury. The work was entrusted to Baron Marochetti, who has produced an admirable bronze statue, about ten feet in height, which now stands in the market-place of Shrewsbury, upon a pedestal of Portland grey granite. The

only inscription is the name "Clive." The likeness is excellently preserved. The event was of course celebrated with a demonstration worthy of its occurrence. At one o'clock, a procession was formed from the Guildhall to the market-place, headed by the Mayor, who was accompanied by Lord Stanhope, Sir C. Wood, Secretary of State for India, Viscount Hill, Colonel Hubert Edwardes, and others of the leading county gentry. Earl Stanhope, on the part of the subscribers, presented the statue to the corporation of Shrewsbury.

EVERYBODY'S JOURNAL.—We are informed that this journal changed hands on Thursday last, and that Mr. Stiff, the proprietor of the *London Journal*, is the purchaser.

The following has lately appeared in an obituary list:—"On the 15th inst., at No. 5, Minerva Place, Hatcham, S.E., Ann Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mauritius Lowe, Esq., of the Royal Academy, Gold Medallist, and god-daughter of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., aged 82."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Paris, 18th January.

I FANCY this essentially materialist city is really the home of the marvellous, whenever the marvellous want a comfortable abode. The "tables" set them all mad two or three years ago; and what with the turnings of these pieces of furniture, and the crackings of every possible piece of wood throughout the house, called "rappings," one really might have thought oneself in Bedlam. Then came Mr. Home, and people got madder still, and lamps and inkstands flew about apartments (beginning at the Tuileries), like singing-birds in an aviary. Then Mr. Home disappeared, vanished to Russia, married an heiress, or turned Mussulman, or went straight up to heaven, or made some other end, I forget exactly what, and the spirits of Paris society seemed "laid" for a time. I almost began to fancy we had got rid of them altogether, when, lo and behold! such a clatter was raised all at once, that you would have thought all the spirits of every super-terrestrial planet had been poured down upon our universe. The noise is made this time by silver spoons and diamond brooches. Yes, stare as you will, and wonder, and be "at a loss to explain," or anything else you please, but so it is. The clatter is made by silver spoons!—*et voici comment*. Another form of electro-biology has been evoked here, and all who choose are set to sleep with a table-spoon placed between their eyes. And now the great amusement of a Paris *soirée* is to produce an attack of *hypnotisme*, as it is termed, and you see ladies holding their diamonds in their hands, and men armed with all the silver spoons they can lay hold of! The most extraordinary tales are told of the accidents brought about; and in one corner you are informed how Count — was thrown into fits by looking at Madame V——'s diamond hair comb; and in another, you catch the "authentic account" of Baron Y——'s squint produced by too steady contemplation of a well-polished gravy-spoon, and of which nothing in the world can ever cure him now. And the excitement all this causes is so violent, that people have no time nor energy left to think even of the Imperial letter of last Sunday from the Emperor to his ministers of state; yet, assuredly, few things are better worth attention.

I am sometimes surprised beyond what I can express at the singularities of character and education that certain movements of public opinion reveal in this country. What impresses them in France, and what does not, are equally curious to study. If you find a wee paragraph in even a semi-official journal upon a regiment having moved at Mantua, or a cardinal having said this or that at Rome, or a fellah having wheeled a barrow full of earth in the direction of the Isthmus of Suez, then, indeed, the "public" is alive at once, and sees and foresees the Lord knows what; but when England has obtained all she wanted and has wished for the last fourteen years (ever since

'46) in the way of commerce and trade, these people read the words whereby the fact is announced to the world, but do not for some time after attach a sense to them. That has to do with "economical science," say they, with "commercial matters," and they frankly own these to be "subjects upon which they are very ignorant."

But, then this ignorance bears its fruits later, and most surely, and its fruits are blind prejudice. Because they are ignorant, they condemn fiercely what they should applaud, and it is already beginning to be evident that this new measure of Louis Napoleon's, which is without doubt the one best thing he has ever done for himself and for France, will expose him to wider general unpopularity in this country than any one of his really blameable acts since the *coup d'état*. The utter want of all real political knowledge or political sense is so extraordinary in this extraordinary land of Gaul, that if they are not fired with red-hot zeal against "perfidious Albion," and dreaming of making war upon her to-morrow, they are convinced they are being betrayed to her, and they go on growling more and more.

Their indifference to Sunday's *Moniteur*, too, is already visibly beginning to give away, and you can already note the early signs of discontent. They are persuaded that now, by some mysterious process, everything they eat, drink, wear, or in any other way consume, is to come to them from us; they are to shut up their factories, put out their fires, abandon their mines, discharge their workmen, and "never do nothing more; no, never!" because their ruler has at last opened his eyes to the self-evident truths of a liberal commercial system, and has taken a decision, in virtue whereof, far from decreasing, the trade of France must augment year after year. But this they will not see, and already the wailing of Protectionists and Prohibitionists are beginning to rend the Parisian air. "It is a wonderful thing," said to me yesterday a very clever and very well-known Englishman, "I thought I used to know some men to whom really 'protection' was perfectly indifferent, to say the least; but now every man I meet is turned by some magical process into a Protectionist!" This, however, will ere long find its level, but for the moment it is very amusing to observe.

I went to the second performance of the head play at the Vaudeville, by Alphonse Karr, entitled *La Pénélope Normande*, and I have no hesitation in saying this is the most immoral production I have yet witnessed. It is so coolly, and, if I may use the term, so "straightforward" so; it walks along in its immorality perfectly at its ease, and so ignorant, as it would seem, of what other less "fast" individuals or communities choose to style morality, or propriety, or decency.

The only reason for calling it after the virtuous wife of Ulysses is, as far as I could see, that in Alphonse Karr's play, as in the *Odyssey*, the husband goes away upon his travels, leaving his (decidedly not) "better half" behind. Unlike her classical prototype, the wife of our modern Ulysses does not weave and unweave any web to tire the patience of her "hangers on," for she, without any compunction, allows herself to be tempted from duty by two aspirants at once! This is a situation which, I do not believe was ever exhibited upon the stage before, and I am bound to say the public makes it pretty evident that this had best be the last time of holding such a "mirror" as this "up to nature." Still the sensation created, the expectation, and the scandal have altogether made of *La Pénélope Normande* an event. Whether the public approves or not (and it certainly does not approve), curiosity draws crowds to this strange performance, and as yet the *Vaudeville* is thronged. The story is simple this: a brave, simple, but not very fascinating captain of a merchantman marries a pretty orphan who has only *ses beaux yeux*, and to whom he gives everything. But she does not deem this sufficient. She wants to have *châteaux* and jewels, and every luxury that a Frenchwoman dreams of;

and her doting husband, finding this out, determines to try the chances of a last voyage, and see if he cannot bring back to her all she longs for. Here is the only philosophical part of the drama, and, as far as the generality of Frenchwomen are concerned, this is really so. Whilst the Ulysses is away, the "Norman Pénélope" disarms a kind of gaoler, who watches her by the basest concessions; after that she falls, as she believes, "in love" with a Parisian dandy; the husband comes home in the midst, finds out everything, makes the gaoler kill the dandy, kills the gaoler with his own hand, and then sends for his guilty wife. When she appears, he opens chests and coffers without end, and takes from them jewels, and gold-embroidered shawls. He puts a diadem upon the head, and gold-woven draperies upon the shoulders of the pale, cold, half inanimate creature before him, and when he has mutely showed her up to her own very self, he bids her an eternal farewell, and betakes him to "the glad waters of the dark blue sea," which he ought never to have abandoned. The moral is a severe one, not, I repeat, undeserved by Parisian (or, I would say, French) women in general; and this scene, if less coarsely treated, would, I believe, have produced a prodigious effect. But it shocked more than it "preached." still it is philosophical, and the idea on which it is based is a true one.

In the way of the "ups and downs" of public life, a curious thing has been remarked in conjunction with the "Black Doctor" and his trial. Just a year ago, at the *Hôtel de Londres*, between one and two hundred men subscribed to a banquet to be offered to this "*Docteur Noir*." The feast was presided over by the famous Baron Taylor, and most names of any note in the literary and artistic world were there. Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Thierry, the Duc de Narbonne, M. De La Tour du Pin, and many too numerous to name, assisted at the dinner, to which the band of the *Guides* was, by the Emperor's special permission, deputed. Toasts were drunk, one after the other, vaunting the virtues of the "*Docteur Noir*," and praising Louis Napoleon for sending his own "music" from Melun to honour him. At the present moment, the law enforced in the name of the sovereign who last year contributed to do such great honour to the table of Esculapius, has condemned the said personage to fifteen months' imprisonment, and I should suppose very justly; but if these be not "ups and downs," it would be hard to say where they are to be found.

Jean Félix, the "hero" (!) of that horrible case of Angéline Lemoine's, is reported to have entered the service of a restaurant on the Boulevards. Whether this be the fact or not I cannot affirm; but since the report, what is termed "all Paris" (namely, a dense crowd, in which are many well-dressed women!) has gathered for three or four days running round the doors of the café in question, and proved once more what a "mighty master" in this country is notoriety.

A *début* has taken place at the *Italiens* that is most promising—Mlle. Marie Battue. She is a young and pretty girl, this *débutante*, and a really delightful singer.

SCIENTIFIC.

M. ROGER'S ARM.—A variety of absurd stories have been current about the artificial arm made for M. Roger, of the French Opera: the real facts are given in *La Presse Scientifique*. The amputation which the unfortunate singer suffered took place at the elbow-joint, so that the humerus was preserved. It was necessary, for his appearance on the stage, that he should be able to extend and retract the fore-arm, as well as make the perpendicular movements from the shoulder. To accomplish this, M. Mathieu constructed an artificial limb of leather, moulded to the required shape. In order to enable M. Roger to bend the fore-arm, a wire is carried across his back to the opposite shoulder, as the maker observed that when a man extends his right arm, for example, he naturally

throws his left shoulder back. It is, consequently, by moving the shoulder of the sound arm that the fore-arm of the artificial mechanism is bent, and on allowing the shoulder to resume its position, the artificial arm is permitted to straighten itself.

THE NEW PLANET.—M. Le Verrier considers the new planet discovered by M. Lescarbault is one-seventeenth of the bulk of Mercury, which is much too small to account for all the perturbations of the latter. He concludes that it performs its journey round the sun in nineteen days, seven hours, and that half the major axis of its orbit is equal to 0.1427, taking half the major axis of the earth's orbit as unity. On account of its limited orbit it would never be more than 8° from the sun, which, with its feeble light, will account for its not having been observed before. M. Le Verrier expects that this small body forms one of a group of planets which remain to be discovered.

THE SOLAR DISK.—We recently gave an account of M. de Chacornac's observations on the distribution of light on the solar disk. Professor Secchi has made analogous discoveries with respect to heat, and finds that the calorific power of the zone nearest the edge of the disk is only half that of the centre.

THE MOON'S LIGHT.—Professor Secchi tells us that the amount of polarised light on the mountains of the moon is extremely small, but very considerable in the so-called seas. He concludes, from his observations, that the moon's surface does not polarise like an uniform reflecting surface, but that its effect is like that of a curved surface covered with glass-paper.

SCIENTIFIC JUGGLING IN JAPAN.—The correspondent of the *Photographic News* speaks of meeting religious mendicants in Japan, who pretend to the possession of supernatural power, and in proof of it one took a bar of red-hot iron and bent it double by striking it over his knee. After this he removed live coals one by one with his naked hand.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE ECLIPSE.—M. Fayc recommends the use of photography to register the phenomena of the approaching eclipse. He advises that images on a large scale should be obtained of the solar ring, and of the coloured flames which have attracted attention on previous occasions.

CHEMICAL ACTION OF LIGHT.—M. Levol asserts that litharge, or yellow oxide of lead, is converted by the action of light, into minium or red oxide, which is a combination of the protoxide and peroxide. The Paris correspondent of the *Photographic News* does not consider that any further oxidation of the lead takes place in this process, but that a *dimorphic* modification is produced in the oxide by the agency of light.

CULTIVATION OF MEDICINAL PLANTS.—Mr. Silden, of America, has made a series of experiments on the action of manures on medicinal plants. In growing Hyoscyamus he tried guano, nitrate of potash, and nitrate of soda. The ordinary method of cultivation without these substances enabled the plants to yield 20-800 per cent. of extract; guano, 23-316; nitrate of potash, 24-365; and nitrate of soda, 25-850.

OZONISED OILS.—Cocoa-nut oil, sunflower oil, and cod-liver oil, ozonised by direct exposure to the sun, are said to have a remarkable tendency to reduce the frequency of the pulse; those mentioned are used with alleged advantage in consumption. Ozonised oil of turpentine is used as a styptic.

NITRIDE OF SELENIUM.—M. Espenchied, pupil of Professor Wohler, has succeeded in forming this compound by passing ammonia gas over chloride of selenium in a tube cooled by a freezing mixture. Nitride of selenium is a red powder, which explodes with violence if struck or roughly handled.

The *Chemical News* describes a process of M. Kraft, by which sulphate of lead is converted into acetate. Sulphate of lead is formed continually in the process of making acetate of alumina for the dyers. M. Kraft begins by washing the sulphate of lead with water containing sulphuric acid, to remove extraneous matter. One hundred parts

of the sulphate are boiled with eighty-four parts of acetate of baryta, dissolved in as little water as possible. Sulphate of baryta is deposited, and the acetate of lead in solution drawn off. To prepare the acetate of baryta, M. Kraft heats a mixture of sulphate of baryta and charcoal in small fragments. By this process he obtains sulphide of barium, which, dissolved in water and boiled with oxide of copper, yields hydrate of baryta and sulphide of copper. The solution of hydrate of baryta is decanted and saturated with acetic acid. The sulphide of copper is reconverted into oxide of copper by roasting, and serves again.

PLEASANT ANTIDOTE FOR ARSENIC.—A correspondent of the *Chemical News* recommends what he calls "a mechanical antidote for arsenic." After promoting evacuation and washing the stomach out, the patient is to swallow a *pound or more* of a mess composed of castor oil and prepared chalk, which the writer affirms "invests every particle of arsenic adhering to the intestinal canal, and carries it through safely."

THE SEWAGE QUESTION.—Baron Liebig's letter to Mr. Mechi, recently published in the *Times*, has caused a sensation among various classes in this country, although the facts he adduces were tolerably well known before, and the apathy of the public with regard to them scarcely intelligible. The Baron estimates that in twenty or twenty-five years, the guano stores will be exhausted, and that the supply of bones will be quite inadequate to furnish the quantity of phosphates which agriculture requires. He concludes, that if we continue to waste our sewage, our fields will, at no distant period, lose their fertility, and he considers that it is very doubtful whether we could then exchange our produce with other countries for a sufficient quantity of corn. There is a very high degree of probability in these speculations, and it is eminently discreditable to London, which ought, in all pertaining to civilisation, to be the first city in the world, that it should be willing to allow a number of ignorant men to spend millions in contrivances to waste sewage worth more than a million and a half a year; and no better character can be given to the main-drainage scheme. English habits impose a peculiar difficulty in dealing with this subject, on account of the large amount of water which our closets and drains mix with the material we desire to utilise, and it is computed that this amounts to twenty-three gallons of water, exclusive of rain-fall, for each individual. No philosophic thinker can, however, for a moment, doubt that the problem can be solved, and a large profit made of what we now spend much money to throw away. Unfortunately, the Metropolitan Board is not above the parish vestry calibre of intellect; and hence, after an amazing amount of talk, it has naturally settled down to the silliest practices. Various proposals have been made from time to time for utilising town sewage, but all have hitherto proved defective, and chemists have received very little encouragement from public bodies, to devote their energies to the work. Recently a feasible-looking plan has appeared, which well deserves a good trial. We allude to Mr. Blyth's process of precipitating the phosphates and part of the ammonia, by the action of superphosphate of magnesia. The reported results are very favourable, and might, perhaps, be improved. At any rate, let us no longer permit this work to be treated by Bumblebee, after its own fashion, but taking it for granted that science can do what we require, check the great engineering jobs, and expend a moderate sum in perfecting chemical plans.

FINE ARTS.

The Hills and Plains of Palestine, with Illustrations and Descriptions. By Miss L. M. Cubley. London. (Day and Son.) 1860.

PALESTINE is a well-worn subject of the artist's pencil and author's pen. But the interest attaching to it, deeper and more general than can be

excited by any other earthly scenes, is well nigh inexhaustible. Fresh generations bring with them an ever fresh demand to have their curiosity satisfied. The authoress of the present volume, producer both of the drawings and letter-press, is modest in her claims, painstaking and faithful in performance. During a few years' stay in Jerusalem, in connection with the mission for ameliorating the condition of the poor Jewesses of that city, a stay which commenced in 1853, excursions were made by her into the surrounding country. Numerous sketches of landscape, architecture, and costume were executed; descriptive letters written home, and a diary kept. A portion of the former is now lithographed by the Messrs. Day, in their well-known admirable manner. Selections from the letters and diary explain the plates, and in a gossiping way supply a good deal of pleasant reading, without learning or the pretence of it, or manufacture from previous books. The result is a volume which would be an accession to most drawing-room tables, and will agreeably relieve the ennui of many a tedious hour.

"The only merit I claim," writes Miss Cubley, "is truthfulness; the sketches were all made by me on the spot, and are faithful representations of places and persons I have seen during the period of my abode in Jerusalem." This merit we can freely allow. The drawings show and pretend to no high artistic qualities. The mystic charms of aerial perspective,—the poetry of the landscape-painter's art,—do not pervade the mountains, do not blend into one, yet define the due distance of every object in the vast plains. But the lady is accomplished with her pencil, and makes a very agreeable use of it. The mountain formations are accurately mapped out, the winding vales pleasingly depicted. The figures introduced, though sometimes portraits, do not tell us much of individual character, but are picturesque as only Oriental figures can be, are recognisable as Mahometans and Jews, and as to costume and accessories strikingly faithful.

Thanks to this virtue of fidelity, our artist is particularly happy in her architectural scenes. And the architecture of Jerusalem, the meeting-place of so many races with their various styles,—birthplace, as some think, of the pointed arch, imported by the crusaders into Gothic Europe,—is of singular interest to the archaeologist. Willingly our eyes linger on its swelling cupolas, or gaze along its arched streets with their manifold picturesque irregularities of casement, balcony, and capriciously pierced wall. We would especially name, for their careful and spirited treatment of some of these peculiarities, plates 2 and 3, *A Street in Jerusalem*, and *Abbat-et-Taheya*, another street, a strange many-arched sequestered corner, transporting us in imagination to a Moorish city of Old Spain. And again, plate 7, *Via Dolorosa*, with its cluster of bulbous-looking cupolas in the foreground; and plate 10, *Interior of the Church at Nebby Samuel*, which the student can pore over, finding every stone of interest.

Among the landscapes may be mentioned with praise, plate 1, *First Sight of Jerusalem from the Jaffa Plain*, a pleasing and graceful delineation of a thoroughly Oriental scene; plate 8, *Hill Country of Judea*, a rocky and barren-looking tableau; plate 13, *Valley of Hinnom*, a vast lonely panorama of wide-stretching plains bounded by distant hills; and plate 20, *The Mountain of Temptation*, pushing into the sky its woeful sides, seamed with the scars of ages. In plate 22, we have a really pretty landscape of the River Jordan and its wooded banks. It might be an English scene, but for the luxuriant plants which adorn them, and those voluminously draped figures beside. In plate 24, *Devir-Ban*, we have another impressive view of lonely mountain masses. Nor must the carefully drawn peasant groups (plates 23 and 27), result of an excursion to Hebron, pass without a word of praise for the information they convey as to externals of the present people of Palestine, setting before us, as they live, the obscure hewers of wood and drawers of water. Plate 17, *A Turkish Lady*, is quite an outrage on preconceived notions; depicting an inmate of a

hareem not in the garb Mr. Lewis delights to paint, but in a jacket and flounced skirt, such as modern "Arab Ladies" delight, it seems, to wear. Thanks, Miss Cubley, at all events, for the truth.

As we said, the literary part of the volume is artless and unassuming, and, for this very reason, often fresh and interesting. It consists of accounts of the fair artist's visits to the various places better described by the pencil; her visit to the jealously guarded mosque enclosure, or supposed site of the temple, which, in her case, a Christian woman was allowed (under escort) to profane, not merely by her presence, but by sketching; her approach and first sight of the Holy City, always an interesting experience even to hear of; her visit to the hareem, containing the two wives only of a "moderate" effendi; her excursion to Jordan and the Dead Sea; her encampment "Under Abraham's Oak at Hebron," and her artistic relations with the simple inhabitants. With these accounts are interspersed descriptive notices of the people, more especially the Jewish part, and of the scenes and things which fell under the author's own observation, unspoiled by pillage from the Handbooks, though the fables of the Koran and the Talmud be here and there retailed at second hand.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—(Second Notice.) A second visit to the gallery in Pall Mall has confirmed our first impressions both of its general merit, and of the beauty of the pieces we selected for comment last week, when we omitted the portraits to which we must now allude.

The best specimens of coloured portraiture are exhibited by Mr. Frederick Gush; the frame numbered 372 contains some beautiful pieces, in which an artistic treatment and harmony of colour is preserved, not usual in this class of work. In the centre figure of a young lady, the attitude and the drapery are exceedingly well managed, and the expression has every appearance of being natural. Mr. H. Hering exhibits some coloured portraits that merit approval, but there is in some of this gentleman's works a tendency to stiffness, and the lady in 367 is decidedly lackadaisical, which we hope is not true of the original. Caldesi and Co., have a good coloured portrait in 357. No. 331 is a case containing some good coloured portraits by Lock and Whitfield, especially that of the girl in the centre, with the round hat and basket of flowers. Of uncoloured portraits the best are those by Henner and Keat of Brighton, which have a softness and finish seldom found in this class of works, together with an avoidance of unpleasant and violent contrasts of light and shade. Their best specimens are in a frame, No. 334, which contains nine pieces, two of them representing elderly gentlemen in a very perfect way. Their female portraiture does not seem so successful. Messrs. Maull and Polyblank exhibit some very characteristic portraits, among which Lord Brougham and the late Macaulay must at once strike every visitor to the rooms. There is a want of finish and refinement about the productions of this firm, and occasionally they hit off the worst peculiarities of their subjects in anything but a happy style. The Bishop of Oxford, for example, is depicted with precisely the expression which a theological opponent would enjoy. In addition to the landscape pieces we noticed last week, we would allude to some other Alpine scenes by Bisson Frères, especially 293 and 301, which have a sentiment of grandeur about them befitting the striking objects they depict. No. 70, a 'Heavy Sea at Brighton,' by Samuel Fry, taken by the instantaneous process, is worth a careful study, and the observer will call to mind the resemblance of the wall of waves to the treatment of similar subjects in some of Turner's finest works. No. 246 is a simple, clever series by Francis Bedford, one, 'The Miner's Bridge on the Llugwy,' fairly standing comparison with the exquisite topograph by Fenton, recently published and noticed in this journal. No. 314 contains four pieces by Mrs. Verschoyle, which

will repay attention; the 'Olive Trees' are remarkably fine, and the checkered light and shade on their trunks and among their branches is exceedingly natural. No. 381, the 'West Door of Tisbury Church,' by Mr. Spode, and the following number, 'Six Stereographs of Pillerton Cathedral,' deserve high commendation. We see we have omitted, in mentioning the portraits, to call attention to a very fine and powerful production by Mr. Claudet, No. 516, which is highly characteristic of a remarkable-looking man. We hope another year to see this interesting exhibition better situated as regards space; for want of which many of the best things are now hung so low that it is impossible to see them without kneeling down or sitting on the floor. We must not conclude without congratulating Mr. Prout on his achievement of a good interior of Westminster Abbey, notwithstanding the difficulties imposed by the "dim religious light" of the venerable pile.

THE HOGARTH EXHIBITION AND CENTENARY.

—On the 26th of October, 1864, this, in many respects, the most eminent amongst those painters who may be considered as the founders of the English school, will have been dead one hundred years. Since that date his works have increased in money value to a wonderful extent, and his fame has spread not only throughout his own land, but also in many foreign countries. The exhibition of the works of Hogarth, Hayman, and others of his friends, was made in the apartments of the Foundling Hospital, as we noted recently; and so great was the attraction, that crowds thronged to the place. It has been suggested that the centenary of William Hogarth should not be passed over without celebration, and that nothing would be so suitable as the exhibition of as many of his works as could be collected together; not only the paintings, but sketches and fine impressions of the engravings which were executed by the artist's hands. A collection of this kind, which would enable us to glance at once at the results of Hogarth's useful and laborious life, would not only have great interest, but would also be the means of enabling many to form a juster estimate of the high position which this artist is entitled to hold. It has been thought that no place would be so suitable as the apartments of the Foundling, in which Hogarth was so frequently a visitor when in life.—*Builder*.

A welcome contribution to the present national movement is being made by J. W. Silver and Co., of Cornhill, by the publication of a series of spirited sketches, illustrating the uniforms and accoutrements of the chief rifle-corps [which have hitherto been formed. These sketches, designed by R. Landells and H. Fleuss, and printed in colours, will in so far aid the rifle movement, as they make the appearance of each corps familiar to all the other corps, and they must also have an important bearing upon the moot point of the more preferable dress and equipments. The plates which have been published up to the present moment, embrace the City of London, the Highgate, and the Edinburgh Rifle Corps.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Tuesday, January 24, 3 P.M.: Professor Owen, on Fossil Birds and Reptiles.—Thursday, Jan. 26, 3 P.M.: Professor Tyndall, on Light.—Friday, Jan. 27, 8 P.M.: Professor Owen, on the Cerebral Classification of the Class Mammalia.—Saturday, Jan. 28, 3 P.M.: Dr. Lankester, on the Relations of the Animal Kingdom to the Industry of Man.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Evening meeting, Jan. 23, papers to be read: 1. Proposed Railway Route across the Andes, from Caldera to Rosario, *via* Cordova, by William Wheelwright, Esq., F.R.G.S.; 2. On the Curia Muria Islands, by Dr. George Buist, Cor. F.R.G.S.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8 P.M.: "Description of the Works

and Mode of Execution adopted in the construction and enlargement of the Lindal Tunnel, on the Furness Railway," by Mr. F. C. Stileman, M. Inst. C.E.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.—Friday, Jan. 27th, 3 P.M.: J. Craufurd, Esq., F.R.G.S., the History of the Horse, and his comparative value for Military and other purposes.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8½ P.M.: Mr. Dollman on Ancient Domestic Architecture in England and Wales: Mr. Syer Cuming on some Memorials of Charles I.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 24, at 9 P.M.: 1. Mr. Gould on the habits of *Semioptera*, as described in a letter by its discoverer, Mr. Wallace; and on the young of the Superb *Menura*: 2. Mr. Slater on Birds collected by Mr. Fraser in Ecuador; and other papers.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 26: Sydney Ringer, on the Alteration of the Pitch of Sound by Conduction through different Media: Dr. A. H. Hassall, on the Frequent Occurrence of Phosphate of Lime in a Crystalline form in the Urine: Dr. Harley, on the Saccharine function of the Liver.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Jan. 11: T. G. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P., in the chair. The Rev. Dr. McCaul, of the University of Toronto, Thos. Greenhalgh, Esq., of Bolton-le-Moors, Lieut. Unwin, of Norwood, and John Millard, Esq., Charing Cross, were elected Associates. Presents were received from the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, the Royal Dublin Society, &c. Mr. Briggs, of King's Newton, sent a drawing of a mural painting discovered on the north pillar supporting the central tower of Melbourne Church. It represented the Temptation of our Lord by the Devil, who with his imps is represented in a very grotesque manner. An inscription on it reads "Hic est relictus a Diabolo." Mr. Brushfield sent a drawing of a diminutive effigy, only eighteen inches in height, sculptured in sandstone, and now to be seen in Youghgrave Churchyard, Derbyshire, where also are two diminutive sepulchral slabs from Bakewell Church. Mr. Bateman sent some Celtic antiquities discovered at Wilmslow, in Cheshire. They consist of an urn sixteen inches high and thirteen in width, a bone stud, and a small bronze dagger. Mr. Bateman also sent a beautiful gold bulla of Anglo-Saxon workmanship, ornamented with garnets and ivory. Mr. Patrick produced rubbings from Bexley Church, one of which was of Mr. Sparrow, a merchant, of 1555. Mr. Allom produced an iron mount of the butt of a large pistol, richly chiselled, with a hinged lid in its centre covering a little magazine in the stock, where the picker was deposited. It was found on the battle-field of Culloden. Mr. Syer Cuming exhibited five brass medals relating to this battle. Mr. Pettigrew read the first portion of a paper on Monumental Crosses, Coffin Slabs, and Effigies, illustrated by various drawings executed by E. Falkener, Esq.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—In his address, delivered Jan. 10th, on taking the chair for the first time as President, Mr. George Parker Bidder took occasion to pass a high eulogium upon the late Mr. Brunel, and to pay a tribute of admiration and friendship to the memory of Robert Stephenson. At the conclusion of a very notable speech, the President contrasted "the progress of Government works with those undertaken by private enterprise." He took for his examples Westminster Bridge and the bridge over the St Lawrence, the latter of which works has been entirely executed contemporaneously with the one unfinished half of the former. We thank him for having "advisedly introduced subjects and opinions of the most controversial character;" for the fullest and freest discussion of them will alone secure the soundest measures.

THE DRAMA.

If there be any time when the Dramatic critic can safely count upon a holiday, it is during the second week of Christmas, when the pantomimes are tolerably successful. This year they are unusually so. Each theatre has its own peculiar excellencies. DRURY LANE boasts of its witty introduction and its elaboration of pantomime; COVENT GARDEN of the smartness of the prolocutory dialogue, and the very clever pantomimic acting of Mr. W. H. Payne and his subordinates. The HAYMARKET, again, has its *spécialité*; a total distinctness, in fact, pervading its scenes, and separating them from those of any other theatre. The LYCEUM boasts of as finely painted and charming scenery, and as original effects of the brush, as have perhaps ever been seen since the time when Stanfield painted. Indeed Mr. Calcott, assisted by Mr. Fenton, has produced something so brilliant and so original, that one ought to go and see the scenery alone,—perhaps, in preference to the mild productions of the Lady's Exhibition, of which the private exhibition takes place on the 1st proximate, opening like a very early primrose, to cheer us in the beginning of the year.

The PRINCESS' Theatre has, however, distinguished itself chiefly in the battle of the pantomimes. If Paterfamilias wish to take his children to laugh and enjoy the fun, let him go there. If he wish to be recalled to the days of Grimaldi and his own youth, let him watch the clown and pantaloons on the boards made classic by Charles Kean. If with the laureate he does not wish to

"Flicker down to brainless pantomime,
And those gilt gauds men-children love to see,"

let him still go to the Princess'. Let him admire Miss Louise Keeley as *Jack the Giant Killer*, Mr. Shore as the giant, and Mr. Forrester the clown, who, as we say, is not of the conundrum asking, posturing kind of clowns, with no fun in them, but yet has plenty of fun and clown-humour too. It is related of Keeley that, at a certain party, he declared of his two daughters, the one who was born an actress would not act, and the other, who was not born an actress, would. The born actress, Miss Louise Keeley, has since proved part of her father's assertion to be true. She is, without doubt, one of the greatest acquisitions to the stage that we have had of late years.

The ADELPHI Theatre, old enough now to drop its prefix of New, runs along flourishing with its extravaganza, the *Nymph of the Lurleyburg*, or the *Knight and the Naiads*, to which Mr. Watts Phillips's *Dead Heart* has, during the latter part of the week, been played antecedently. Everybody knows that the incidents of this drama are taken from the French, not possibly from any single drama, but by a mosaic process. The last incident, a very common one in French story or play, of a generous friend giving his life for another, which is as old at least as the days of Damon and Pythias, is the incident of the *Dead Heart*. So it is of Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, and so it will be of the dramatic version of that story done by Mr. Tom Taylor, at fifty guineas per act, which will shortly be produced by Madame Celeste. Mr. Dickens, it is said, will superintend this production; nay, what is more, Madame Celeste is about, we hear, to make arrangements with the popular author for a drama, new, and original of course, from his pen. "*Boz*" originally affected the stage, and has written, we believe, an opera, besides assisting Mr. Mark Lemon in a farce. There is every reason why he should succeed if he made the attempt, although after so many years of narrative writing. His genius is essentially dramatic.

On Wednesday night Messrs. Augustus Mayhew and Sutherland Edwards produced an *apropos* new farce at the STRAND Theatre, under the title of *Christmas Boxes*. Those who saw the last "screamer" by these gentlemen, the whole fun of which turned upon "a goose in an advanced state of decomposition," will be prepared for a consider-

able deal of humour of a broad, but, at the same time, a very peculiar kind. Mr. Mayhew's dialogue is quite *sui generis*. It is dry, humorous, almost Rabelaisque in its grotesque turns, and well worth hearing. The farce is admirably acted. Messrs. J. Rogers and Turner, upon whom the whole weight of the piece falls, sustain the reputation they have won for quaint originality very admirably.

At the St. JAMES' Theatre the veteran dramatist of the day,—if we except Mr. Stirling Coyne,—Mr. Oxenford, has produced a little comic drama, which is delightfully funny and original. We use drama in the generic sense; its species is declared, by the bills, to be that of the ballet; it bears the old familiar title of "*My Name is Norval*," and its principal merit is that it is a *tour de force* of pure fun. A number of milliner's apprentices and slaves of the counter determine on getting up during their short holidays some dramatic performances. Home's tragedy is preferred and chosen, but as no one of the *personæ* can remember his or her part, the piece resolves itself into a *ballet d'action*, with a few songs interspersed. Hence the good-humoured rattling, joking, shouting, tumbling fun, hence also the necessity of a funny bumpkin *claqueur*, who, by the grotesque originality of his partisanship, greatly adds to the fun. Miss Clara St. Casse and Miss Lydia Thompson add by their graceful acting and singing to the attractions of the piece.

Our list of "novelties" may end here. The East End theatres are playing their pantomimes first; the clowns are getting thoroughly into harness, and the harlequins losing a little of that superabundant flesh, which generally accumulates on the harlequin out of practice.

The only announcement of any importance is that of Mr. C. Dillon's proximate appearance at Drury Lane.

MUSIC.

Love and Fear Song.—*Leader and Cock, London.*—A simple and very pleasing melody, suited to the mezzo soprano voice. The accompaniment is flowing, and well adapted to the character of the song.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE BISHOPRIC OF ANTIGUA.—The Bishopric of Antigua, which has been now already some months vacant by the death of Dr. Rigaud, is not yet filled up. It is stated that it has been offered to the Rev. R. Rawle, Principal of Codrington College, Barbadoes, who, however, has declined the appointment.

ENGLISH CHURCH AT BIARRITZ.—A letter from Biarritz says that the first stone of an English Reformed Church has just been laid at this favourite place by F. J. Graham, Esq., H.M.'s Consul at Bayonne. The structure will be built to hold a congregation of 200 persons. The first incumbent is to be the Rev. E. Crow, Rector of Great Creaton, Northamptonshire, who has been licensed to the charge by the Bishop of London, on the nomination of the Colonial Church and School Society.

THE SPECIAL SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES.—The third of the Special Sunday Evening Services at St. Paul's was held last Sunday evening under the dome. The night was wet, and the attendance was on that account not so large as usual. The preacher announced for the occasion, the Rev. A. Boyd, M.A., Incumbent of St. James', Paddington, being indisposed, the sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Phipps Eyre, M.A., Rector of Marylebone. At Westminster Abbey there was a large congregation; the preacher was the newly-appointed Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Rev. F. Garden, M.A. Exeter Hall, St. James' Hall, and the theatres, were all well filled. The preachers at the several places were as follows: at Exeter Hall, the Rev. J. T. Manley, M.A., Incumbent of Mortlake; at St. James' Hall, in the morning, the

Rev. W. Landels, Minister of the Baptist Chapel, Regent's Park, and in the evening, the Rev. S. Coley, Wesleyan Methodist; at the Victoria, in the afternoon, the Rev. C. J. Goodhart, M.A., of Park Chapel, and in the evening, the Rev. Alexander Raleigh, B.A., Minister of Hare-court Chapel, Canonbury; at the Britannia, where the congregation amounted to nearly 4,000, the Rev. Thomas Binney, of Weigh-house Chapel; at the Garrick, the Rev. John Pattison, M.A., Rector of Christ Church, Spitalfields, in the morning, and the Rev. James Kennedy, Congregational Minister, in the evening; at Sadler's Wells, the Rev. G. A. Rogers, M.A., Incumbent of St. Luke's, Holloway, who also held a prayer-meeting after the sermon.

THE WEEK OF SPECIAL PRAYER.—On Sunday the week's meetings at Freemasons' Hall came to a close. In the morning and evening of every day from Monday the 9th to Saturday the 14th inst. inclusive, prayer-meetings were held at the above-mentioned place, which was, we believe, on all occasions crowded to excess. Prayers were offered and addresses delivered by ministers of every denomination and by laymen. On Sunday afternoon the whole concluded with an "United Communion Service," at which the Rev. P. La Trobe, the Rev. Mr. Rowe, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, officiated. Meetings corresponding to those held in Freemasons' Hall have also been held in Myddelton Hall, Islington, at Liverpool, Leamington, Margate, Mortlake, Bury St. Edmund's, at several places in the Isle of Wight, and in other parts of the country.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.—It has been stated in the daily papers that the Bishop of Winchester has expressed himself very strongly with regard to the services now being held in the different theatres of the metropolis.

CLERICAL DECLARATION AGAINST THE ALTERATION OF THE PRAYER BOOK.—We understand that the number of signatures now attached to this declaration, which a fortnight ago was scarcely 4,000, now amounts to nearly 7,000.

DENMARK.—The Diet of Denmark at its last sitting discussed a motion brought forward by M. Barfod in favour of the separation of Church and State. The house divided upon the question; and it was carried by a large majority that the motion should be read a second time.

MR. SPURGEON.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is advertised to preach in Dublin on the 24th inst., at the Metropolitan Music Hall; tickets, half-a-crown.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

THE Senate of this University has recently, in accordance with representations made to it by many of the most eminent men of science in the country, instituted the degrees of *Bachelor* and *Doctor of Science* (B.Sc. and D.Sc.). Candidates for the former degree, that of B.Sc., will be required to have passed the matriculation examination, and to pass two subsequent examinations: but Bachelors of Arts of this university, and undergraduates who shall have passed the first examination for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine of this university, will be admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Science on passing the second B.Sc. examination only.

The first B.Sc. examination is to take place once a year, and to commence on the third Monday in July. No candidate will be admitted to this examination within one academical year of the time of his passing the matriculation examination, nor unless he has transmitted to the registrar, at least a month before the commencement of the examination, a satisfactory certificate of good conduct.

The fee for the examination will be 5*l*; and candidates will not be approved unless they show a competent knowledge of the fundamental principles of (1.) Mathematics; (2.) Mechanical and Natural Philosophy; (3.) Chemistry; (4.) Biology, including Botany and Vegetable Physiology, and Zoology and Animal Physiology.

Any candidate who has passed the first B. Sc. examination may be examined for honours.

The second B. Sc. examination will take place once a year, and will commence on the fourth Monday in October. No candidate will be admitted to it within one academical year of the time of his passing the first B. Sc. examination. The fee and the regulation with regard to the certificate of good conduct are the same as in the former case. The subjects of examination will be, Mechanical and Natural Philosophy, — Chemistry, Inorganic and Organic, Theoretical and Practical, — Animal Physiology, — Geology and Palæontology, — Logic, and Moral Philosophy.

Any candidate who has passed may be examined for honours.

The examination for the degree of Doctor of Science (D. Sc.) is to take place annually within the first fourteen days of June. No candidate will be admitted to this examination until after the expiration of two academical years from the time of his obtaining the degree of B. Sc. Candidates for this degree in any year must give notice of their intention to the registrar, and pay to him a fee of 10l. on or before the 1st of April.

The subjects embrace the usual branches of Physical, Biological, Geological, and Mental Science.

In following the course of study required as a preparation for these degrees, candidates are left to their own free choice both as to locality and as to instructors; and by the new charter recently granted to the university, candidates for the degrees in *Arts* enjoy the same liberty, so that these degrees also are now open to every one who can stand the test of the successive examinations to which candidates for them are subjected.

MISCELLANEA.

THE SOVEREIGN HOUSES OF EUROPE IN 1859.—The following is extracted from the supplement of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Zeitung* of Jan. 3:—"The following changes have taken place in the sovereign houses of Europe during the year just terminated:—*Dead*.—Sixteen of their members have died, seven of whom were princes and nine princesses. The seven princes are the King of Sweden and the King of the Two Sicilies, the Prince of Reuss-Greiz, the Archduke John of Austria, the Margrave William of Baden, the Count Christian of Lippe-Biesterfeld-Weissenfeld, and a Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin shortly after his birth. The nine princesses are the Queen of Portugal, who was a Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen by birth; the Grand Duchess Dowager of Saxe-Weimar, who was a Russian Grand Duchess by birth; the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Tuscany, who was a Saxon princess; the Princess Louise of Windischgrätz, a sister to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; the Princess Lætitia Murat, widow of the Count of Pepoli; a Princess of Sicily, 13 years of age; and a Princess of Saxe-Weimar, 8 years of age; and two Countesses of Lippe-Biesterfeld-Weissenfeld. Only two cardinals have died, the Cardinal Du Pont and the Cardinal Falconieri. Twelve princes and three princesses have been born. The twelve princes are the sons of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who died shortly after their birth; of the Hereditary Princes of Belgium, Saxe-Meiningen, Schaumburg-Lippe, the Duke of Montpensier, Prince Michael of Russia, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, Prince Oscar of Sweden, Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, Prince George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Prince Hermann, of Saxe-Weimar. The three princesses are daughters of the Queen of Spain, the Hereditary Prince of Reuss-Schleitz, and Prince Frederick of Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. Only four marriages have taken place, viz.:—1, the marriage of the Prince Royal, now King of the Two Sicilies, with the Princess Mary of Bavaria; 2, the marriage of the Prince Napoleon of France (son of Prince Jerome) with the Princess Clotilda of Sardinia; 3, the marriage of Prince

George of Saxony, the King's son, with the Princess Mary-Anne of Portugal; and 4, the marriage of the Prince Louis Napoleon Gregory Bonaparte, son of the Prince Charles of Canino and uncle of Lucien, with the Princess Christina Raspoli. Among the 48 sovereigns now reigning (including the Emperor of Brazil, the Prince of Monaco, two Queens, and the three sovereigns *de jure* but not *de facto* of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena), the oldest is the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, whose age is 84 years and 4½ months. Four sovereigns are upwards of 70, viz., the King of Wurtemberg, the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, and the Princes of Schaumburg-Lippe and Reuss-Schleitz. Five are between 60 and 70, nine between 50 and 60, nine between 30 and 40, six between 20 and 30, and lastly three are not yet 20 years old. These last, the youngest among the actual sovereigns, are the Prince of Lichtenstein, who has turned his 19th year; the Prince of Reuss-Greiz, who is 13 years and 9 months; and the Duke of Parma, who is only 12½. The sovereign who has reigned longest is the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, who was born on the throne nearly 73 years. After him come the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Prince of Schaumburg-Rudolstadt, who have reigned respectively 56 years and 52 years 9 months, including the years of their minority. Six sovereigns are not married or have not yet been. These are, besides the Pope, the Dukes of Brunswick and Parma, the Princes of Lichtenstein and Reuss-Greiz, and the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg. Among the others there are nine who are widowers. One sovereign is divorced, the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen. Two have contracted morganatic marriages, the King of Denmark and the Elector of Hesse Cassel; and one sovereign, the Grand Turk, lives in polygamy. Among the 31 wives of the other Christian sovereigns regularly married, the oldest are the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz and the Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe, each of whom is more than 60. The youngest is the Queen of the Two Sicilies, who is only 18. Twenty-five sovereigns have sons, one (the Emperor of Brazil) has a daughter, fifteen have brothers, three have collateral relatives for their heirs presumptive. To these sovereigns we must add three, those of Brunswick, Anhalt-Bernburg, and Hesse-Homburg, whose successions, after their deaths, will pass over to another line; and one sovereign, the Pope, whose successor is not chosen till after his death. The oldest of the 44 hereditary princes or presumptive heirs are those of Modena and of the Electorate of Hessa, who are upwards of 70.

LORD BROUGHAM AND MACAULAY.—The following letter has been published, and possesses at the present moment a peculiar interest:—"To Zach. Macaulay, Esq. Newcastle, March 10, 1823.—My dear Friend,—My principal object in writing to you to-day is to offer you some suggestions, in consequence of some conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, who has spoken of your son (at Cambridge) in terms of the greatest praise. He takes his account from his son; but from all I know, and have learnt in other quarters, I doubt not that his judgment is well formed. Now you of course destine him for the bar; and assuming that this, and the public objects incidental to it, are in his views, I would fain impress upon you (and through you, upon him) a truth or two which experience has made me aware of, and which I would have given a great deal to have been acquainted with earlier in life from the experience of others. First.—That the foundation of all excellence is to be laid in early application to general knowledge is clear; that he is already aware of; and equally so it is (of which he may not be so well aware) that professional eminence can only be attained by entering betimes into the lowest drudgery, the most repulsive labours of the profession; even a year in an attorney's office, as the law is now practised, I should not hold too severe a task, or too high a price to pay, for the benefit it must surely lead to; but at all events the life of a special pleader, I am quite convinced, is the thing before being called to the

bar. A young man whose mind has once been well imbued with a general learning, and has acquired classical propensities, will never sink into a mere drudge. He will always save himself harmless from the dull atmosphere he must live and work in; and the sooner he will emerge from it, and arrive at eminence. But what I wish to inculcate especially, with a view to the great talent for public speaking, which your son happily possesses, is that he should cultivate that talent in the only way in which it can reach the height of the art; and I wish to turn his attention to two points. I speak upon this subject with the authority both of experience and observation; I have made it very much my study in theory; have written a great deal upon it which may never see the light; and something which has been published; have meditated much, and conversed much on it with famous men; have had some little practical experience in it, but have prepared for much more than I ever tried, by a variety of laborious methods; reading, writing, much translation, composing in foreign languages, &c.; and I have lived in times when there were great orators among us; therefore I reckon my opinion worth listening to, and the rather, because I have the utmost confidence in it myself, and should have saved a world of trouble and much time had I started with a conviction of its truth.

1. The first point is this: the beginning of the art is to acquire a habit of *easy speaking*; and in whatever way this can be had (which individual inclination or accident will generally direct, and may safely be allowed to do so) it must be had. Now I differ from all other doctors of rhetoric in this; I say let him first of all learn to speak easily and fluently; as well and as sensibly as he can no doubt, but at any rate let him learn to speak. This is to eloquence, or good public speaking, what the being able to talk in a child is to correct grammatical speech. It is the requisite foundation, and on it you must build. Moreover, it can only be acquired young; therefore let it be by all means, and at any sacrifice, be gotten hold of forthwith. But in acquiring it every sort of slovenly error will also be acquired. It must be got by a habit of easy writing; (which, as Wyndham said, proved hard reading;) by a custom of talking much in company; by debating in speaking societies, with little attention to rule, and mere love of saying something at any rate, than of saying anything well. I can even suppose that more attention is paid to the matter in such discussions than to the manner of saying it; yet still to say it easily, *ad libitum*, to be able to say what you choose, and what you have to say, this is the first requisite; to acquire which everything else must for the present be sacrificed. 2. The next step is the grand one; to convert this style of easy speaking into chaste eloquence. And here there is but one rule. I do earnestly entreat your son to set daily and nightly before him the Greek models. First of all he may look to the best modern speeches (as he probably has already); Burke's best compositions, as the *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*; *Speech on the American Conciliation*, and *On the Nabob of Arcot's Debt*; Fox's *Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny* (the first part of which he should pore over till he has it by heart); *On the Russian Armament*; and *On the War, 1803*; with one or two of Wyndham's best, and very few, or rather none, of Sheridan's: but he must by no means stop here; if he would be a great orator, he must go at once to the fountain head, and be familiar with every one of the great orations of Demosthenes. I take for granted that he knows those of Cicero by heart; they are very beautiful, but not very useful, except perhaps the *Milo*, *pro Ligario*, and one or two more; but the Greek must positively be the model: and merely reading it, as boys do, to know the language, won't do at all; he must enter into the spirit of each speech, thoroughly know the positions of the parties, follow each turn of the argument, and make the absolutely perfect and most chaste and severe composition familiar to his mind. His taste will improve every time he reads and repeats to himself, (for he should have the fine

passages by heart,) and he will learn how much may be done by a skilful use of a few words, and a rigorous rejection of all superfluities. In this view I hold a familiar knowledge of Dante as being next to Demosthenes. It is in vain to say that imitations of these models won't do for our times. First, I do not counsel any imitation, but only an imbibing of the same spirit. Secondly, I know from experience that nothing is half so successful in these times (had though they be) as what has been formed on the Greek models. I use a very poor instance in giving my own experience; but I do assure you that both in courts of law and Parliament, and even to mobs, I have never made so much play (to use a very modern phrase) as when I was almost translating from the Greek. I composed the peroration of my speech for the Queen, in the Lords, after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and I composed it twenty times over at least, and it certainly succeeded in a very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own. This leads me to remark, that though speaking, with writing beforehand, is very well until the habit of easy speech is acquired, yet after that he can never write too much; this is quite clear. It is laborious, no doubt; and it is more difficult beyond comparison than speaking off-hand; but it is necessary to perfect oratory, and at any rate it is necessary to acquire the habit of correct diction. But I go further and say, even to the end of a man's life he must prepare word for word most of his finer passages. Now would he be a great orator or no? In other words, would he have almost absolute power of doing good to mankind, in a free country, or no? So he wills this, he must follow these rules.—Believe me truly yours, H. BROUGHAM."

SALE OF THE LIBRI LIBRARY.—The choicest portion of the library of M. Libri—perhaps the most eminent collector of rare books in the present day—was submitted to public auction by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson during the past fortnight, and the prices realised for specimens of the ancient bindings were marvellous. The collection exhibited specimens of the finest bibliopægic skill from the fifteenth century to the present time, and embraced not only the magnificent samples of binding bestowed on the volumes by private amateurs like Grolier, Maioli, De Thou, Count d'Hoym, Longepierre, and others equally celebrated, but was particularly rich in books which formerly had been the private property of popes, emperors, kings, princes, cardinals, and reigning sovereigns of England, France, Italy, Germany, &c., all magnificently bound, and bearing either their arms or the devices known to have been adopted by them. These seem to have been collected with a view of tracing the history of ornamentation, and many of the volumes are undoubtedly magnificent specimens of the taste of the former possessors, who, according to the prefatory letter of M. Libri, prefixed to the catalogue, availed themselves of the skill of the best artists to obtain designs or patterns, several of which are known to have been furnished by Giovanni da Verona, Andrea del Sarto, le petit Bernard, and even the great Raffaele himself. The catalogue abounds with rarities of the first class, and want of space alone compels us to quote only a few of the higher-priced articles—*e. g.*, "Ambertani Silva," a beautiful specimen of the binding of Francis I. of France, 35*l.*; "Aquinatis Questions Disputate," from Cardinal Bonelli's library, 16*l.*; "Ariosto," printed at Venice in 1530, by Pentio da Lecho, 29*l.*; "Aristotelis Opera Græca," first edition, 28*l.*; "Aristotelis de Naturali Auscultatione," the dedication copy to Henry II. of France, 60*l.*; "Basilii Opera," first edition, in the superb binding of Diane de Poitiers (mistress of Henry II.), 85*l.*; "Bassi Le Fatiche D'Ercole," 39*l.*; "Biblia Latina," Paris, 1549, containing a curious note respecting Purgatory, to explain 1 Cor. iii., 18*l.*; "Biblia Germanica," Hans Luft, 1561, printed on vellum, 28*l.* 10*s.*; "Biondi L'Eromene," supposed to have been a love-gift to Mademoiselle Bellay, 8*l.* 15*s.*; "Blesbois Œuvres Satyriques," Bonnier de la Mosson's copy of this "Poète Ordurier," 9*l.* 15*s.*; "Boca-

tus de Genealogia Deorum," Grolier's copy, 25*l.*; "Boileau's Satires," with the poet's autograph notes, 8*l.* 8*s.*; "Canisius de Maria Virgine," in the superb binding of the period, having belonged to Albert Duke of Bavaria, 18*l.* 18*s.*; "Canones et Decreta Concilii Tridentini," printed in 1564 by Aldus, on vellum, 59*l.*; "Capella Commentarii," from the library of the P. J. Orsini who strangled his wife, a princess of the Medici family, with his own hands, 17*l.* 10*s.*; "Castellani Stanze," printed in 1557, by Antonio Manuzio, 14*l.* 5*s.*; "Ciceronis Opera," the Elzevir edition, from Count Hoym's collection, 61*l.*, while another copy, bearing the arms of the Gonzagas Dukes of Mantua, only 13*l.* 13*s.*; "Ciceronis Rhetorica," Aldus, 1546, on large paper, 29*l.*; "Ciceronis Epistolæ ad Atticum," Aldus, 1540, on large paper, 44*l.* 10*s.*; "Ciceronis Epistolæ Familiares," Aldus, 1502, 12*l.*; "Dante," Milano, 1477-78, 30*l.*; "Dante," Credo, an unknown edition of the 15th century, 9*l.* 5*s.*; "Decor Puellarum," with the date 1461 for 1471 in the imprint, 22*l.*; "Dictys Cretensis," Grolier's copy, but repaired, 18*l.*; "Durer's Life of the Virgin," "Passion of Christ," and "Apocalypse," 39*l.*; "Elizabethæ Jesabelis Acta," an unknown volume of poems relating to the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; "Epiphani Opera," a superb specimen of the library of Diana of Poitiers, 80*l.*; "Evangelia Armenice," 19*l.* 10*s.*; "Ferrando Epistolæ Cento," 13*l.* 5*s.*; "Florida Apologia," Grolier's copy, 28*l.*; "Fontana dell' Obelisco, Vaticano," from the library of Philip II. of Spain (husband of Queen Mary of England), 7*l.*; Fuller's "Holy and Profane State," from the library of Charles I., 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; "Funduli Lucia Comedia," 14*l.*; "Galen extra Ordinem Classium Libri," in the magnificent binding known as "with Apollo driving his chariot," by some supposed to have belonged to Mecenate, the Pope's physician, 42*l.*; "Germini Sopra XL. Meretrici," 6*l.*; "Giambulari Nozze dello Duca di Firenze," the Giunta edition, on vellum, 10*l.*; "Gioseffo," an odd volume of an Italian translation, in Mecenate's binding, 11*l.*; "Giovanni il Pecorone," first edition, and curious as containing the original story on which Shakespeare founded his "Merry Wives of Windsor," 11*l.*; "Gobin les Loups Ravissans," with very curious woodcuts of a Dance of Death, 28*l.*; "Gracie le Grand Routier," containing sailing directions for England and the Laws of Oleron, 16*l.*; "Guerin Mesquin," Arnoullet's edition, in black letter, 26*l.* 10*s.*; "Guillelmus de Saliceto," 20*l.*; "Herberstein Muscovia," superbly bound in the Grolier style, 20*l.* 10*s.*; "Heures," from Hardoyin's press in 1515, on vellum, 39*l.*; "Heures," printed in 1521, pour Jehan de Brie, 20*l.*; "Heures," of 1566, formerly belonging to Queen Catharine, the wife of Charles II. of England, 16*l.*; "Hingston's Cornet Book," from the library of Oliver Cromwell, 13*l.* 10*s.*; "Homeri Ilias," from the library of Diane de Poitiers, 37*l.*; "Horne," printed in 1505, by Aldus, 17*l.*; "Horatius," Elzevir, 1629, from the library of Cardinal Richelieu, 10*l.*; "Hygini Fabule," a magnificent specimen of Mecenate's library, 73*l.*; "Sacro Arsenale dell' Inquisitione," Pope Clement XI's copy, 10*l.*; "Joannes Ferrariensis de Celesti Vita," printed on vellum, 19*l.*; "Jovius de Piscibus," Grolier's copy, 34*l.*; "Jones on Preserving Bodie and Soule," the dedication copy to Queen Elizabeth, 18*l.* 10*s.*; "Kalendarium duo," with the earliest engraving on copper known, 11*l.*; "Kempis de l'Imitation de Jésus Christ," Madame de Maintenon's copy, containing her portrait, with the words Audi, Filia, so rigidly suppressed (that only two copies are known) when the Parisian wits suggested that the Abbé de Choisy, in choosing these words from the 44th Psalm, should have added the finish, "Et concupiscet rex decorem tuum," 13*l.* 5*s.*; "La Fontaine's Amours de Biche et Cupidon," first edition, 30*l.* 10*s.*; "Machiavelli Arte della Guerra," the Aldine octavo of 1540, in usual condition selling for 8*s.* or 10*s.*, but being a perfect specimen of Grolier tooling, this copy produced the enormous sum of 150*l.*—From the Daily News.

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61 and 62, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 28 and 29, Paternoster Row, London, March 14th, 1890.

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We are, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,
To Messrs. BARNES & Co. AMOTT, BROTHERS, & Co.

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Gloster House, Ludgate Hill, 24th March, 1890.

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Argyll House, 236, 238, 240, and 242, Regent Street, March, 21st, 1890.

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(By Order)

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25 Years.	£1000	£11 9 3	6 Years.	£72	£27 17
35 " "	1000	35 2 6	6 " "	72	32 15
40 " "	1000	32 15 0	6 " "	72	35 7
50 " "	1000	45 12 0	6 " "	72	42 9

(Policies of One to Five complete Years Participate in proportion.)

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The Bonus Periods are FIVE years, and the Rates of Life Premiums, whether With or Without Fringe, very economical. FIRE, LIFE, ANNUITY, ENDOWMENT, AND REVERSIONARY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

WILLIAM NEWMARCH, Secretary.

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10th January, 1890.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO SECURE THE ADVANTAGE OF THIS YEAR'S ENTRY, PROPOSALS MUST BE LODGED AT THE HEAD OFFICE, OR AT ANY OF THE SOCIETY'S AGENCIES, ON OR BEFORE 1st MARCH.

POLICIES EFFECTED ON OR BEFORE 1st MARCH 1890, WILL RECEIVE SIX YEARS' ADDITIONS AT THE DIVISION OF PROFITS AT 1st MARCH, 1895.

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